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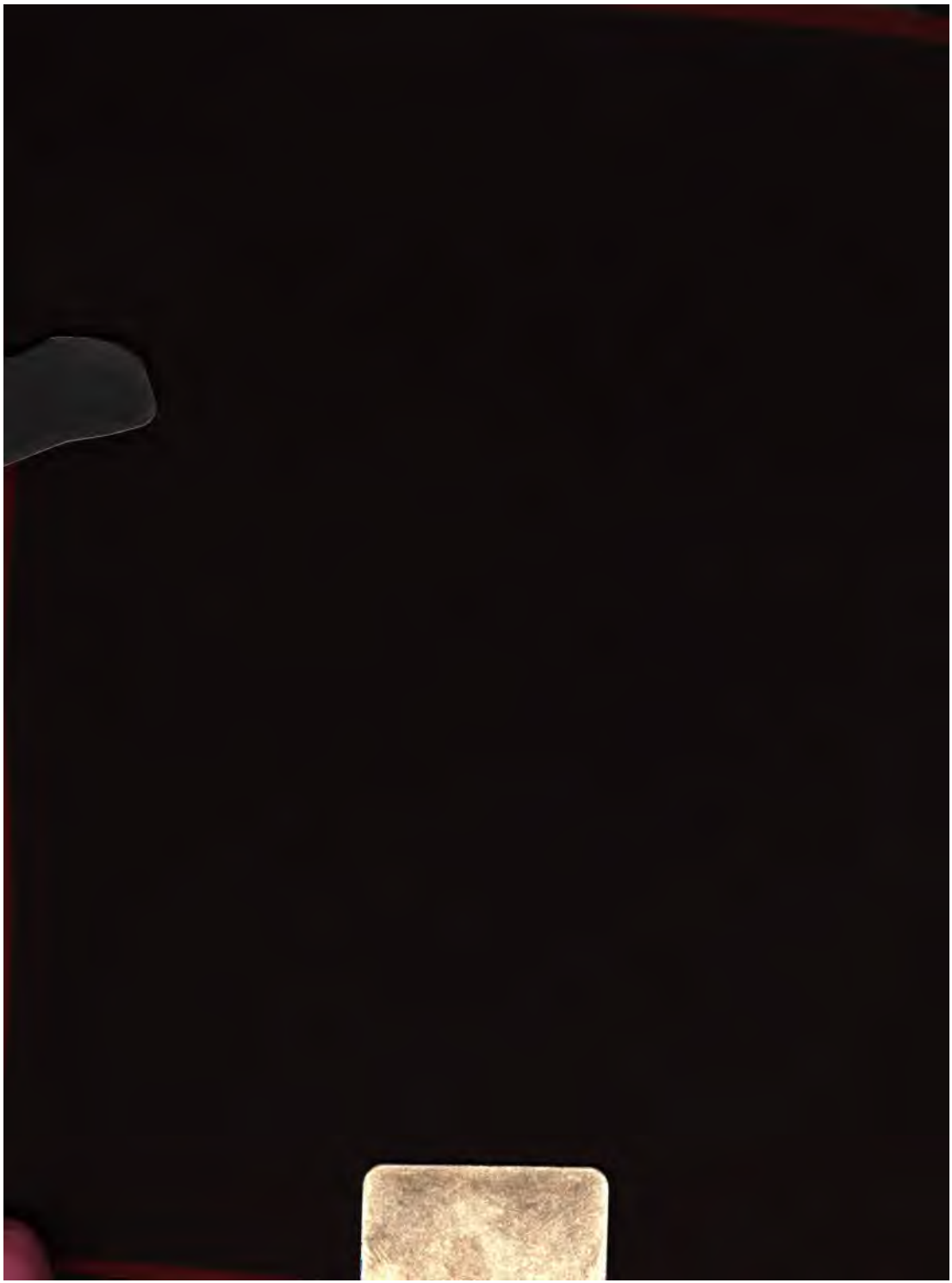
Carmina Regia
and other
Songs of the Heart.

Edwin C. Arenford.



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Carmina Regia,

and other

Songs of the Heart;

BY

EDWIN CHARLES WRENFORD,

INCUMBENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHAPEL, NAIRN;

Author of "First-Fruits of Sacred Song," "Life More Abundant," "The Philosophy of Character," "Fervent Charity, the Lost Heritage of the Church of Christ," etc. etc.

"The ransomed of the LORD shall return, and come to Zion with SONGS and EVERLASTING JOY upon their heads: they shall obtain JOY and GLADNESS, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH XXXV. 10.

"Rejoice evermore."—1 THESS. v. 16.

"Jesus Christ, whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with JOY UNSPEAKABLE and FULL of GLORY."—1 ST PETER i. 8.

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Dedication.

Ad Reginam Dilectissimam.

Loved in the calm sweet morning of thy life
When regal cares swept lightly o'er thy brow:
Loved, too, as years flew by, when, 'mid the strife,
The burdens, the perplexities, that now
Environed thee, the Wisdom from Above,
A Throne-Light,—meteor-like at best before,
But now the steady brilliance of love,—
Like some fixed star, shone forth yet ever more:
Domestic joys, serene and lofty, crowned
The noon-tide of thy days. A cherished One
Then shielded thee,—for wisdom far renowned,—
Whose race, alas! was all too swiftly run:
For thee and for ourselves he lived; and now
We know how great thy loss, and weep with thee:
The tendrils of our heart clasp thine; for thou
Sharest our griefs with keenest sympathy.
Loved, then, art thou as never Queen was loved!
The Mother of thy people,—in their heart
Enshrined,—they gather closely round thee, moved
With fondest reverence, which no human art
Enkindles! With a universal throb,
Thrilling the nations of thy vast domain,

It breaketh forth in prayer throughout the globe,—
In gratitude for thine auspicious reign.
"Loved"? "Yea, and to be loved yet more," they cry:
"Enriched with God's own love, enthroned in ours,
"While rest with Him the circling years bring nigh,
"God shall endue her soul with nobler powers;
"Till, ripe for heaven, He say to her 'Well done,
"'Thou good and faithful Servant: Come up higher;
"'Enter My joy; thy victory is won:
"'Find now with Me thy long-lost heart's desire.'
"Nor even then our love shall cease to glow!
"The future ages shall but spread her fame:
"The light of her perennial star will show
"Its source in God, His glory her sole aim."

. . . . .

Live, gracious Sovereign, mighty in God's love;
Live in our hearts, thy ever-welcome shrine:
Live now with God: thy deeds enrolled above,
Memorial of the hidden life divine!

Preface.

PREFACE.

THE Bible is pre-eminently a Book of Joy,—full,[1] exceeding,[2] unspeakable.[3] Introvision has led God's people to overlook this: they have dwelt so intently upon the "plague of their own heart,"[4]—that "infection of nature which doth remain, yea in them that are regenerate,"[5]—that their religion has been, very often, tinctured with gloom, and has, at least, been deprived of those winning features which should make it attractive, especially to the young. The glorious remedy has been thus, in a measure, lost sight of: "Looking"—away from self, from foes, from sin,—"unto JESUS,"[6] in whom God will "always cause us to triumph."[7]

The Psalms teem with this joy. It is true there is much sorrow in them,—but that is in proportion to great sin: yet, even there, we find a triumphant joy to which but few persons under this dispensation of the "mighty power" and "full assurance of faith,"[8] and of "joy unspeakable and full of glory,"[9] have attained. What is the cause,—what is the remedy? A very brief study of the New Testament unfolds to us truths of surpassing interest and importance: the cause of our not attaining to the measure of even David's joy is that Christians have not *believed* the Word of God in which those truths are revealed:

[1] St John xv. 11. [2] 1 St Peter iv. 13. [3] 1 St Peter i. 8.
[4] 1 Kings viii. 38. [5] Article IX. [6] Heb. xii. 2.
[7] 2 Cor. ii. 14. [8] Heb. x. 22. [9] 1 St Peter i. 8.

the condition of mind, of heart and of life described by them, has been looked upon as Utopian,—or as something to be realised hereafter. The remedy, clearly, is that FAITH which is so urgently required and forcibly described by our Blessed Lord and by His apostles. Obedience was the test of spiritual life under the Old Dispensation: it is faith which is everywhere insisted upon in the New. Let Christians but look simply "UNTO JESUS," implicitly assured that He *can* and *will* "do exceeding abundantly above all" they "ask or think,"[1] "according to the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe;"[2] and let them look for continual answers to their believing prayers,—then will the New Testament vividly and most blessedly represent *their* life—Christ in the heart,—grace and power in the life,—and joy, peace, love, hope, the radiant ruling influence of their "walk with God."

Thus will Christianity appear in its true colours as "good tidings of great joy." Unbelievers will be won to accept it, as accurately meeting a vast want of the soul. The men of the world will no longer be able to criticise so adversely the lives of its professors in respect of their disagreement from the Inspired Word,—the acknowledged standard. And internal peace and prosperity will visit every section of the Church, and will cause her to go forth on her missionary enterprises with far greater assurance of success.

The following Poems are designed to lead the heart upward in the way indicated. If there be any merit in them it will be due to their *Scriptural basis.* They are composed chiefly in the first person, as best calculated, insensibly but surely, to awaken the desires expressed. "Rock of Ages" will be immortal by reason, for one thing, of its direct

[1] Ephes iii. 20. [2] Ephes. i. 19.

personality: it is "*I*" that am lost, "*I*" that trust, throughout. And one aim of the "Songs" in this book is *extreme simplicity*,—the simplicity of our needs, the simplicity of God's "fulness of grace," and the simplicity of the "heart speaking to God"—prayer. The Author claims nothing more for them: they are merely sacred *heart ballads*,—the expression of that "making melody in the heart unto the Lord"[1] which St Paul enjoins, and which is the highest criterion of the life of God in the soul.

A few of the devotional Psalms have been rendered upon the principle of allowing the exquisite rhythm of the Bible Version to suggest the metre. The Author ventures to think that, *if* the Psalms are to be rendered in verse, this principle will be found important. Still, the task is difficult, and requires more time than he has at his disposal.

The work, then, begun and completed in faith and prayer, and with a humble desire to further the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, is now committed to His guidance and blessing. If any of God's children, in these days of exile from their Father's House, are induced thereby to take down their harps from the willows, and henceforth to sing, by day and by night, and under all time's varying circumstances, of the "great things God *has* done," and *is doing*, for them, the Author will be devoutly thankful to Him, from whom proceeds the inspiration of every holy thought,—of every fervent prayer.

[1] Ephes. v. 19.

MILLBANK HOUSE,
NAIRN, *September* 9, 1878.

"Beside the Still Waters."

(Psalm xxiii. 2.)

Alone with Thee, O God,
Encircled with Thy love,
Thy Word my Staff, my Rod,—
So let me heavenward move.

Beneath Thy halcyon Wings,
Strife and disunion cease:
The balm Thy Spirit brings
Sheds an eternal peace.

Oh, then, away from strife,
Enshrined in Thee, O Lord,
All through my busy life
Thy still small Voice be heard.

For, 'mid unquiet scenes,
'Tis faith's august employ
To range her vast demesnes,
Filled with serenest joy!

'Tis here the soul, in prayer,
In rest and holy thought,
The power, so strangely rare,
Of gentleness is taught.

Sweet pastures of delight
With hidden manna strewn,
And the still waters,—bright
With love's eternal noon:

What depth of calm repose,
Wrought by the Sacred Dove:
Here strength for conflict grows,—
The mighty power of love.

And here my Shepherd's voice,
(His loved ones know it well!)
Oft bids me to rejoice,—
My heart's deep longings tell!

Here would I *ever* stay,
Musing of His great love,
Till called by Him away
To richer fields above.

And may I not repose
By this life-giving stream?
Must weary strife transpose
All to a cherished dream?

Oh, surely no, dear Lord!
It was not so with Thee:
Of strife or cry no word
Marred *Thy* sweet ministry!

With sternest, holy scorn,
Thou gavest sin's rebuke,—
But to awake, to warn,
By startling word or look:

Still, on the earnest men
Who followed not with Thee
There fell no fire from heaven,
But words of charity.

And thus let *all* essay
Their Master's work to do;
Like Him for union pray,
And for it labour, too.

Till, in the bond of peace,—
The Spirit's unity,—
The Church's discords cease
'Neath love's supremacy.

Oh, happy *then* Thy saints,
Thou God of Peace and Love:
Their joy my fancy paints
Like to the joy above!

Let me, then, ever drink
Of love's deep, quiet stream;
And of that River think
On which Thy full rays beam:

A River, crystal clear,
Proceeding from the Throne;
Life-giving far and near,
In fruitfulness unknown:

For, on its banks, the Tree
Of healing virtue grows,
Whose rare fertility
Is balm for human woes.

River of God on high,
For thee my spirit yearns:
Thy stream, by faith brought nigh,
My soul, e'en now, discerns!

How calm, how deep, thy flow!
How bright with cloudless rays!
Soon my full heart shall know
Thy bliss through endless days!

But, till that glorious hour,
By the still waters' side
Of God's quick Word of Power*
I restfully abide.

* Heb. iv. 12.

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Carmina Regia.

CARMINA REGIA.

"ALONE."

"Alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me."—
St John xvi. 32.

LONE? Oh, not alone,
With Thee, my God, so near:
Joy from my heart hath flown
Thy Presence to endear!

Alone I cannot be,
Since Thou art ever nigh:
Thy love embraceth me,—
Soothing each starting cry!

Sweet is that love, my God,
Though dark Thy secret ways:
O let my heavenward road
Be fragrant with Thy praise!

What though I were alone,
  Of every joy bereft?
My Saviour this hath known,
  Yea, more,—by *Thee* was left!

Alone He bore for me,
  (Unmeasurable grace!)
Above the agony,
  The hiding of Thy Face!

Alone the Wine-Press trod;
  Alone the Cross endured:
And thus for me, O God,
  Thy fellowship* procured!

Alone, then, Father? Nay!
  Alone with *Thee* beside?
Oh, nevermore! My way
  Is dark, but Thou wilt guide!

Life's joy, indeed, hath waned,
  But life in Thee is bright:
My transient loss hath gained
  Keener celestial sight.

I now can, love-taught, see
  Thou doest all things well:
My life's deep mystery
  Thou wilt hereafter tell!

Then, O my God, I sing,
  Though I am sore bereft:
My heart-song, too, I bring
  For those who still are left.

* 1 St John i. 3.

On Thee, the widow's God,
My soul I calmly rest,
And sing, beneath the rod,
"My Father knoweth best!"

Alone, then, have I stood?
E'en 'mid the great "alone,"
The arctic solitude
That crystal-wreathed my throne?

Nay, Father! Thy sweet word,
"Lo, I am with thee still!"
New life awaking, stirred
My heart with loving thrill!

Come nearer still, my God!
Whisper each fear away;
Lead forth to Thine abode,
Whence none shall ever stray!

There shall I fully know
The secret of Thy love,
That veils my life below
To win my soul above.

And there, no more "*alone*,"
Though hearts be sundered now,
We shall, before the Throne,
In grateful reverence bow!

One in Thy love, O God,
Through everlasting days,
The path that erst we trod
We shall recall with praise.

For *then*, oh, not "alone"
Shall we, Thy servants be:
Rewoven joy unknown
Shall fill eternity!

Blended in heart, in mind,
Life *was* a bright, swift dream!
But, ah! we *then* shall find
Life a perennial stream!

O God, make no delay!
Let not the time be long!
For this I watch and pray,—
Oh, hear my plaintive song!

Thine, Lord, I waiting stand,
And "Rock of Ages" sing:
Soon let Thy swift command
Our hearts together bring!

Yet, Lord, Thy will be done!
"Alone" with Thee alone,
I wait life's victory won,
Low bending at Thy throne.

We *then*, in union sweet,
Before Thy heavenly throne,
Shall worship at Thy feet,
Ah! nevermore "alone"!

"ALIVE FOR EVERMORE"!

REV. i. 18.

BEHOLD the mid-day sun
  Assume night's ebon shroud!
The mountains quake, as One,
  Death's Foeman, cries aloud!
He dies, yet wins! He lives!
  "O death, where is thy sting?"
We die in Him,—to live:
  He dies, *we* live, and sing
    "*Alive for evermore*"!

Death's Foeman,—who is He?
  Who but the Lord of Life?
No wonder light withdraws,
  When Life holds Death in strife!
Heaven fills with wondering eyes,
  And nature, startled, groans,—
For, the Creator dies!
  Yet Death his Victor owns,
    "*Alive for evermore*"!

"Alive for evermore!"
  Life from the Saviour's death:
Our birthright now His life,—
  Our life His Spirit's Breath!

No more to die,—for, one
With Him, we *cannot* die!
At last, we shall but *sleep!*
So now, in Him, we cry
"*Alive for evermore*"!

We stand where loved ones sleep;
Death holds their cherished forms;
Sealed in the grave they lie,
Safe from life's vexing storms.
Yet, no! they *live!* The grave
Enshrineth but their dust!
They sleep in Jesus, with
The Spirits of the just,—
"*Alive for evermore*"!

Such is our glorious hope,
Anchored within the veil!
Faith's *present* victory
When doubt and fear assail!
Not lost, but gone before!
He cherishes our dead!
And they and we are safe,
In Him, our Risen Head,—
"*Alive for evermore*"!

And, more than conquerors
In *all* things now we stand!
Sin droops its arms and flees,
For, we "possess the land!"
Faith, with its shield and spear,
Defends the pathway trod;
And thus we travel Home,
Alive now unto God,—
"*Alive for evermore*"!

The Saviour's strife hath wrought
In us its glorious end;
Looking to Jesus, prayers
With songs of triumph blend!
Death in us dies through faith;
Life bounds in every vein!
We live, but yet not *we*,—
He lives,—in us to reign,—
"*Alive for evermore*"!

And soon will faith be lost
In perfect, open, sight;
For soon our feet shall stand
With Him on Zion's height:*
The stricken Lamb no more,
He, to the First-Fruit throng,
Who bear the Father's name,
Shall teach the unlearnt song;
"*Alive for evermore*"!

Ah, yes! we *then* shall be
Alive for evermore!
Our days of mourning, too,
Our strife, will then be o'er!
Sing, then! let faith bring near
That *final* victory!
Sing, for *in* Christ we live,
And then, *with* Him, shall be
"*Alive for evermore*"!

* Rev. xiv. 1, etc.

PRISMATIC LOVE.

THE storm is past, and through the rifted sky
Thou speakest, Lord, as in the ancient days:
Thy voice the light,—for Thou art Light,—whose rays
The love-lit rain interprets! For on high
The shining drops perennial love record,—
"*Faithful and True*,"—Thy Name, Thy signet, Lord!

And if mine eyes, beneath a cloud of woe,
Shall, upward gazing, catch Thy Beams Divine,
My sparkling tears, with hidden beauty, shine,—
Prismatic font of Love's true cipher-Bow!
Veiled in the storm, but there in sovereign power,
Thy love irradiates the lingering shower!

And when, the storms of life for ever past,
At rest with Thee, suffused with calm delight,
I sing Thy praise Who doeth all things right;
Long as the circling ages last,
An emerald Bow, Thy radiant Throne above,
Shall bid me tell of Thy Prismatic Love!

Songs of the Heart.

SONGS OF THE HEART.

"NO NIGHT THERE!"

THE western skies were veiling
The lingering rays of light;
The clouds, as though bewailing
The sun's too early flight,
Shed fast their ebon sadness,—
When faith's sweet herald cried,
"In *heaven* is orient gladness!"
The last ray swift replied,—
"*There shall be no night There!*"

And thus when Hope was setting,
Eclipsed were Peace and Joy,
When Love was near forgetting
Her halcyon employ,—

And when, in darkling sorrow,
Care spread her raven wing:
Faith sang, "The great To-Morrow
"Perennial light shall bring!"
"There shall be no night There!"

I stood by a bed-side weeping
As a loved one pined away;
I stood by a grave-side, steeping
The turf with briny spray:
Grief in hard fetters bound me,
I could but weep and sigh,—
When lo! sweet voices round me
Sang of the Home on high,—
"There shall be no night There!"

When unbelief its curtain
Over my spirit drew,
Nothing in *life* was certain,
Nothing in *death* was true!
I tried to stem my doubting;
I sought to curb my fears;—
At length, with holy shouting,
I cried, through joyous tears,
"There shall be no night There!"

For doubt's fell chain was sundered,
My soul was full of light;
And, in that light, I wondered
Faith should have lost her might!
But *now* her witness bringing
Of wisdom, truth, and love,
My merry heart was singing
Of cloudless *day* above,—
"There shall be no night There!"

And *still* my hymn ascendeth,
"There shall be no night There!"
My trust and love it blendeth,
And then dissolves in prayer!
"Oh, speed the great unveiling,—
"The seeing face to face!
"For, in that Light unfailing,
"I would Thy wisdom trace!—
"*There shall be no night There!*"

And thus, in joy or sorrow,
I calmly sit and sing,
Musing of that To-Morrow,
Whether it *soon* will spring!
I fling away the sadness,
The rising doubts and fears,
And sing, in deeper gladness,
As flee the chequered years,—
"*There shall be no night There!*"

"BUT FOR A MOMENT."

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

"'Light affliction!' 'But a moment'!
"Lasting threescore years and ten!
"'*Light* affliction'? Poignant *suffering*,
"Rending flesh and heart of men!

"Oft the arrow long hath rankled,
"Hope consuming: death in life!
"'*Light* affliction'! Hearths made dreary,—
"Sundered bonds of man and wife!

"Blooming children,—home's fond treasure,
"Scorched by pain, untimely wither:
"'*Light* affliction'? Ye who think it
"Stand where *I* stand: venture *hither*!"

Thus the heart-wrung parent crieth,
Knowing not the grace of God!
"'*Light* affliction!' Cruel mockery!
"Sinks my heart beneath the load!

"Pinching want supplanting riches!
"Chronic pain consuming health!
"Anguish all my spirit racking,—
"Thousand ills, crept in by stealth!

"'Born to trouble'! Yea, afflictions,—
"Death's dark shadows,—veil my life!
"'*Light* afflictions'? *Fiery trials*,—
"Scorpions of this world of strife!

"'Morning wings,' then, come and welcome!
"Bear me to some unknown rest!
"Let me flee these 'light afflictions,'
"Seek a distant realm more blest!"

Ah! thy 'rest,' O weary spirit,
Lies not anywhere but *here!*
Here, "*Thy will be done*!" sufficeth,—
Soothing pain, and calming fear!

Sovereign *love* thy life is ruling!
Wisdom plans each stroke of pain!
God's own love, and *God's* own wisdom,
Seek thy wayward heart to gain!

First, submissive He would make thee,
Ere He will His secret tell!
All for good, e'en *now*, is working:
He, thy Lord, doth all things well!

Perfect peace this moment waits thee!
Joy unspeakable, unknown!
Future bliss, unheard-of glory,
Near His everlasting Throne!

Who shall tell its wondrous measure?
Who its worth can understand?
Far exceeding weight of glory:—
Such the prize at God's Right Hand!

Thus we reckon that the sufferings
Of this present fleeting time
Are as nothing to the glory
Of the vast, eternal clime!

Soon will all our toil be ended!
All our pain and all our care!
Time's brief moments, swiftly passing,
Will, ere long, conduct us there!

Then, the sundered ties united
Once again, no more to part,—
Praises, louder, deeper, longer,
Shall ascend from every heart!

Compensation, then, in fulness,
For each smart, each blemish, too,
Shall be meted by our Sovereign,
All whose ways are just and true!

"But a moment," then, in patience
Let us each our soul possess!
"But a moment" all our anguish,
All our suffering and distress!

"But a moment" all our sighing,—
"But a moment" all our tears!
"But a moment" all our watching,—
"But a moment" all our fears!

"Light afflictions," thus, we reckon
All our toils and pains below!
"Light afflictions," though unnumbered,
Shall but richer life bestow!

"But a moment," then, in gladness,
We our "light afflictions" bear:
Nor will we their keenest anguish
With our glorious rest compare!

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

"The shadow . . . . in a weary land."

COME, shelter here, my brother,—
Here is thy soul's true rest!
Bring here thy guilty conscience,
By many a sin opprest!

Bring here thy cares and sorrows,
Here, by the blood-stained Cross:
'Tis here we learn, for Jesus,
All things to count but loss!

There's light beneath this shadow,
Rays of the world's true Light:
Love, in divinest glory,
Shines to dispel thy night!

For here the Man of Sorrows,
The Sun of Righteousness,
Throws by His Cross a shadow,
To heal thy soul's distress!

Awhile, yea, *ever*, rest thee
  Beneath its ample shade,—
Was not the soul of Jesus
  For *thee* an offering made?

Oh, come and find redemption
  Hard by that Wounded Side!
Those Hands, though fettered, beckon
  Thee in His love to hide!

Then come, my weary brother!
  No shelter guards like this!
Here gleams the welcome portal
  Of everlasting bliss!

Wilt thou in strife yet linger,
  While here is perfect peace?
Ah, no! in this dear refuge,
  Let all thy wanderings cease!

Art thou to *sin* yet clinging?
  Art thou to *grief* a prey?
Beneath *death's* awful shadow
  Wilt thou for ever stay?

See how the Cross extendeth
  Its welcome shade afar!
No sun but *Christ* is shining,
  Than He no morning star!

Intense light, deepest shadow;
  So with the light of love;
And Love *Divine* is beaming
  From that dear Cross above!

So deep the shadow, brother,
That none shall find thy sin!
And, though the shade thee cover,
Thy heart be light within!

Come, shelter here, then, brother!
Canst thou such love withstand?
Then know this type prefigures
The "Shadow of God's Hand!"*

For He hath truly loved thee,—
Behold the crucial sign!
See there Jehovah's Fellow†
Expiring, though Divine!

Then trace, in all this shadow,
Gleamings of silver light!
Come, rest thee here, my brother,
Till faith be lost in sight!

The Cross God's love betokens;
He calls thee here to stay:
That silver light shall brighten,
Till lost in perfect Day!

Oh, *stay*, then, here, my brother!
No rest like this is known!
Soon wilt thou rest in *glory*,
Beneath the shadeless Throne!

* Isa. xlix. 2. † Zech. xiii. 7.

"OH, THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE"!

PSALM iv. 6.

OH, that I had wings like a dove,
  Wings of silver, and feathers like gold!*
Upborne by the zephyrs of love,
  I would swiftly my pinions unfold,
    And away to my rest!

Away from this sin-laden world,
  And away from its sorrow and care;
My wings should with joy be unfurled,
  For my soul even faints† to be there,—
    In the Home of the blest!

And now, through the faith-riven sky,
  As I catch brighter gleams of that Home,
Methinks that I hear a sweet cry,
  And the choirs of the seraphs say "Come!
    "Come, and welcome, to rest!"

Oh, then, had I wings like a dove,
  With their gleamings of silver and gold,—
Sweet crestings of light from above,—
  I would soar, with a gladness untold,
    From this world of unrest!

* Psalm lxvi. 13. † Psalm lxxxiv. 2.

Away would I speed in my joy,
For my Saviour hath called me to rest,
Where the wicked shall fail to annoy,
And the weary be evermore blest,—
Their Asylum, His Breast!

Then give to me wings like a dove!
For I would, even *now*, flee away
To the Home of my heart's deepest love:—
Wouldst thou bid me, thus weary, to stay
From so glorious a rest?

"BLESSED BE GOD."*

"EVERY day will I bless Thee!"
  Art Thou not, Lord, my Delight?†
Who, then, will seek to repress me,
  Singing, from morning to night,
    "*Blessed be God*"?

"Every day will I bless Thee,"—
  Greeting the dawn's herald-ray;
Singing, though noon-tide oppress me;
  Chanting at even my lay,—
    "*Blessed be God!*"

"Every day will I bless Thee,"
  Father, supremely benign!
Oh, how Thy mercies express Thee,—
  Love, all-embracing, divine!
    "*Blessed be God!*"

"Every day will I bless Thee:"
  Oft as, by sin led astray,
Words of sweet pardon address me,
  Then will I joyfully say,
    "*Blessed be God!*"

* Psalm lxviii. 35. † Psalm xxxvii. 4.

"Every day will I bless Thee!"
Wilt Thou not always be nigh?
Fear, then, no more shall distress me:
Hence my heart's rapturous cry,
"*Blessed be God!*"

"Every day will I bless Thee,"
Source of my heart's perfect peace:
Lord, Thou shalt *wholly* possess me,
Then shall my praise never cease,—
"*Blessed be God!*"

"Every day will I bless Thee,"—
Though in the darkness I roam:
Why should grief longer depress me?
Hark to the song of my Home,—
"*Blessed be God!*"

"Every day will I bless Thee,"—
Thee to whose mercy I cling:
Shouldst Thou of wealth dispossess me,
Still may I thankfully sing,—
"*Blessed be God!*"

"Every day will I bless Thee;"—
Sickness my health may destroy:
Yet shall my *life* still profess Thee,
Filled with unspeakable joy!—
"*Blessed be God!*"

"Every day will I bless Thee:"
E'en to the verge of the tomb,
When all Thy billows o'erpress me,
Breathing my trust 'mid the gloom,—
"*Blessed be God!*"

"Every day will I bless Thee;"
But, on *that* day of all days,
When Thou, O Christ, shalt confess me,
Who shall set bounds to my praise?
"*Blessed be God!*"

Day without night I shall bless Thee
Then, 'mid the glorified throng!
And who, e'en *now*, shall repress me,
Chanting my jubilant song,—
"*Blessed be God*"?

"THE LORD IS NEAR!"

"Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς."

"The Lord is at hand (*ἐγγύς, near*). Be careful for nothing."—PHIL. iv. 5, 6.

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς,—the Lord is near:
Then why should my heart for a moment fear,
Breathing its plaintive sigh?
For, hath He not promised, through "*all* the days,"
To lovingly compass my pilgrim ways,
Safe to His Home on high?

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς,—and not afar,
Beyond the wide track of some distant star,
But walking near my side!
O Saviour, unveil Thy compassionate face,
Let me hear Thy sweet accents of tenderest grace,
My Comforter,—my Guide!

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς,—the glorious Lord,
By all the bright seraphs in heaven adored,
My sure, unchanging Friend!
What marvellous love has brought Him thus low,
Attending my footsteps wherever I go,
Till all my wanderings end?

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς!—Come nearer still,—
Unfold to me, Saviour, Thy perfect will!
O Lord, *abide* with me!
Thy Presence unspeakable joy shall give,
I shall daily see God, and yet shall live,—
Faith's sovereign mystery!

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς,—encouraging word!
Henceforth I may follow my conquering Lord
Girded with mighty power!
For doth not the thought that *my Lord* is nigh
Impart to me strength that shall death defy,—
Brightening my darkest hour?

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς!—In marvellous light
I am walking till faith shall be lost in sight,
For Christ is ever near!
The Light of the World,—His all-glorious ray
Shall midnight transform to meridian day:
What have I, then, to fear?

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς,—and all my needs
He maketh His own; to the Father pleads,
With wondrous tenderness,—
Whose love, with thanksgiving and prayer, I seek,—
('Tis no irksome duty to *Him* to speak!)
How swift is He to bless!

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς,—His perfect peace
Bedewing my soul, my anxieties cease,—
My times are in His hand!
No vision of gloom shall its curtain throw,
As homeward, with bounding delight, I go,—
For joy hath His command!

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς,—yea, soon will come,
In still brighter glory, to call me home,
To see Him face to face!
Ah! *then* I shall learn how He *closely* walked,
When He to my heart, in life's journey, talked
Sweet mysteries of grace!

Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς,—Come quickly, Lord!
For Thou, above all, art my heart's Reward,—
My Joy, my Life, my All!
I listen, to catch the sweet tones of Thy voice,
And soon I shall now, exulting, rejoice,
To hear Thy *final* call!

"Ὁ Κύριος ἐγγύς!" I then shall cry,
And swift to my Saviour's arms shall fly,
In love that knows not fear!
Ineffable gladness my heart shall fill,
As, singing my song with a wondering thrill,
I *see* "The Lord is near"!

"FAITHFUL AND TRUE." "NEVER FORSAKEN."

REV. iii. 14; ii. 10. PSALM xxxvii. 25; 2 COR. iv. 9; HEB. xiii. 5.

"Be faithful."

"BE faithful unto death!" The Captain's word
To all who seek to wage the fight of faith;
"Lo, I am with you always," saith the Lord,—
"Faithful and True! Be faithful unto death!"

"*Faithful and True*": a watchword writ in blood,
A banner-token waving from on high!
The foe encompasseth,—a mighty flood:
Stand firm! Be faithful,—faithful till ye die!

A glorious watchword, Lord! Thy own,—and ours!
Reverberating to our inmost souls!
We mark *Thy* struggle with Satanic powers,
As now the battle o'er *us* fiercely rolls!

"The faithful Witness."

Oh, gird us with Thy might,—Thou Victor, crowned
With chaplets from the fields of earthly strife!
For Thou wast man, in all things faithful found,
As our Example,—conquering unto life!

A flint Thy face against the foes of truth,
Of righteousness, of purity, and love:
All through Thy toilsome life, from early youth,
Thy steadfastness no art of sin could move!

Faithful and True to Him who sent Thee here;
To us for whom Thy mission was designed:
Faithful, though faithless ones were ever near,
Who slandered Thee,—Thy gracious deeds maligned.

Yet true Thy words, and true was all Thy life:
And, not less true, Thine agony and death!
But all for *us*, that, midst *our* weary strife,
We may be faithful to our latest breath!

"Obtained Mercy of the Lord to be Faithful."

Then give us, Lord, the power that in *Thee* wrought
That stern fidelity to truth and love!
That so, *our* lives with Thy true courage fraught,
We may endure, and ever faithful prove.

Faithful to *Thee*,—and then fidelity
To *man* will prove us warriors of our God!
Whatever Thou wouldst have us *think*, may we
Express in *words* and *deeds* of love abroad!

Faithful to all the principles that shone
In *Thy* pure life: faithful in love, in prayer,
In telling of Thy love, till men are won
The joy of true fidelity to share!

Faithful and true in every word and deed;
In each temptation, sorrow, doubt, or strife!
Soldiers of Christ! Would ye, like Him, succeed?
Behold the watchword of your mortal life!

Then, faithful will our Captain be to lead,
To nerve with courage, succour in distress:
To make us more than conquerors indeed;
To give to each a crown of righteousness!

"Lo! I am with you," even unto death!
"Faithful and True" that word has ever proved!
"I will not you forsake," our Captain saith:
"Whom I have loved, shall be *for ever* loved!"

"I will never forsake Thee."

Ah, Lord! Thou hast not left me,—this I know!
"*Never forsaken*" sings my grateful heart!
Never forsaken, though *I*, faithless, go
From Thee, and wander, oft and long, apart!

Never forsaken in the past, my soul
Shall never be forsaken to the end!
For, faithful art Thou, Lord, though tempests roll,
And, in my straits, Thou wilt deliverance send!

The Day of final victory is near!
Soon I shall read life's chart with tearless eyes!
And, o'er its wide expanse, in every sphere,
"Faithful and True" shall waken glad surprise!

Then shall the halo of my Guardian-Lord
Reveal His Presence 'mid the loneliest days:
"*Never forsaken,*" then,—life's pilgrim-word,—
Anew shall thrill my heart to fervent praise!

"Well done, faithful Servant!"

And then the triumph! Then the palms and songs!
And, as *one* strain re-echoes high and far,

Of "Worthy is the Lamb to Whom belongs
All praise!" which no discordant note shall mar:

Ten thousand lesser songs with it shall blend,
Tuneful of His undying love Who brought
Us through life's varied wanderings to the end,—
Oft erring, and as often by Him sought!

"Never Forsaken!"

"Never forsaken," then, in thrilling strains,
Shall tell our gratitude, our joy, our love!
"Faithful and True," amid the heavenly plains,
A kindred joy in *other* hearts shall move!

And should we *tokens* wear, as here on earth,
When victory has crowned the mortal strife:
A wreathèd medal shall our Captain's worth
Record,—his faithfulness through all our life!

"**Faithful and True**," the obverse shall declare,
His own sweet word of recompensing grace!
While the reverse *our* scroll of love shall bear:
"**Never forsaken!**" lo! we there shall trace!

His sweet fidelity shall thus entwine
With faithfulness in *us*,—a sacred chain
To knit our hearts in one,—and shall combine
To raise the joy of heaven's thanksgiving strain!

"JESUS."

"Thou shalt call His Name JESUS."—ST MATT. i. 23.
"A Name which is above every name."—PHIL. ii. 9.

JESUS! the Name all names above,
That tell of might yet breathe of love,
Seraphic, yea, Divine!
Earth-born, yet raised to high renown,
As God's superior Name, to crown
Redeeming love's design!

Jesus! the Son of Man, yet GOD!
Oh! startling thought! Jehovah trod
The precincts of the grave!
Forgiving with His dying breath,
He grew, e'en by the throes of death,
Mighty from death to save!

That bleeding Sufferer? Yes, 'tis He,
Whose life-time is eternity,
Whose Throne the Throne of God!
Though weak, all things by Him consist,
And all things, too, for Him exist,
Whose Head is anguish-bowed!

Amazing truth! Yet 'twas for *me*
He laid aside His majesty,—
For *me*, a child of sin!
For *me* the Saviour left His Throne,—
A height of blessedness unknown,—
A heart like mine to win!

Oh, then, Jehovah,—name of might,—
Hath not for me the same delight
That Jesus,—*Saviour*,—hath!
Jehovah *yearned* my heart to save,
But Jesus, pitying, *flew* to brave
Death and eternal wrath!

And thus, O Lord, to Thee was given,
The highest Name, in earth or heaven,—
A Name excelling *all!*
Jesus, my Saviour, hear me now:
My knee, adoringly, I bow,—
On Thy sweet Name I call!

"Mighty to save" Thou wast *before*,
But, ah! as *Jesus*, now, far more,—
For why? Thou hast *me* saved!
Plucked from destruction by Thy Hand,
I was, in truth, a living brand,
To hell's grim lord enslaved!

Thy Name by *me*, by *all* the throng
Of blood-washed souls, in thrilling song,
Shall ever be adored!
Name that bespeaks almighty power,
My Hiding-Place, my Rock, my Tower,—
Immanuel, my Lord!

And thus God's new best Name I sing!
For did He not, as *Jesus*, bring
Me from the jaws of death?
Its fragrance, then, shall fill my days,
And wake to silent hymns of praise
My quivering latest breath!

"BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER!"

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. iv. 18.

"BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER" the Day-Star sings,
As he spreads o'er creation his silvery wings!
"Brighter and brighter" the Day-Spring cries,
As the morn-crested mountains are kissed by the skies!

Brighter and brighter the Bridegroom's face,
As he greeteth the world in a fervid embrace:
Brighter and brighter as, mounting higher,
All his largess he flingeth of life-giving fire!

Brighter and brighter, with cloudless ray,
As he climbeth with ardour his glorious way!
Brighter and brighter he soars in might,
Till the zenith is reached of meridian light!

Brighter and brighter! Enchanting thought!
We to shine as the sun by this emblem are taught,—
Brighter and brighter, till perfect day
Shall for ever its fulness of glory display!

Brighter and brighter then let me shine!
For the Day-Star has risen in lustre divine!
Brighter and brighter the Day-Spring gleams,
And my soul is a-light with his radiant beams!

Brighter and brighter, for darkness reigns,
And the hearts of mankind in captivity chains!
Brighter and brighter, a shining light,
Gleaming steady and clear 'mid the world's gloomy night!

Brighter and brighter within the home,
Where the light, in its earliest dawning, should come;
Brighter and brighter with sweeter ray,
Though the shadows of time gather strength with each day!

Brighter and brighter from morn till night;
In the darkness of midnight still waxing more bright!
Brighter and brighter when racked with pains,—
For the soul her meridian through suffering attains!

Brighter and brighter for all to see,—
In the Church, in the world,—to its highest degree!
Brighter and brighter, in word, in deed,
For this marvellous light to heaven's glory shall lead!

Brighter and brighter without, within,—
For the light hath no concord with error or sin:
Brighter and brighter,—no doubt, no fear,—
For the Day is approaching when all shall be clear!

Brighter and brighter,—*then* seven-fold light,—
The perfection of beauty,—shall burst on our sight!
Brighter and brighter *then* nevermore,
For all waxings and wanings of light shall be o'er!

"Brighter and brighter" then let us say,
As, from glory to glory, we speed on our way!
Brighter and brighter until we rise
To our zenith of glory in heavenly skies!

"LET MY FACE SEEK THY FACE!"

PSALM xxvii. 8 (margin).

"FACE to face"? Ah, yes, in glory!
Mists of earth *now* veil the skies:
Darkling shadows, starless midnight,
Intercept Thee from our eyes!

Oft, amid the raging tempest,
Doubt and fear o'erwhelm my soul!
Faith, like storm-bent sapling, quivers,—
All Thy billows o'er me roll!

Oh, that I might *then* behold Thee,
Clothed in majesty and power!
Riding on the whirlwind grandly,—
Swift to aid in life's dark hour!

Yet, shall *darkness* hide Thee from me?
Shall fierce storms Thine arm restrain?
With Thy Presence in the darkness,
Storms shall madly rage in vain!

Thyself Thou hidest, O my Father,
Faith in Thy true Word to prove!
Whirlwinds oft proclaim Thee nearest,—
Tokens of unfaltering *love!*

"Face to face," then, may I see Thee,
Feel Thine arm, and hear Thy voice!
Though the darkling tempest gather,
Faith shall bid my heart rejoice!

Let me *seek* Thy Face, then, Father,
Though Thou hidest 'mid the storm:
For Thy Countenance shall for me
Darkness into light transform!

And, each day, be this my gladness,
In Thy light to walk with Thee:
Seeing, hearing, feeling, loving,
Knowing as *Thou* knowest *me!*

"Face to face," in close communion,—
(Let no cloud e'er intervene!)
Darkness nevermore shall hide Thee,
Seeing thus, as *by* Thee seen!

Oh, the deep well-spring of gladness,
Tuneful in its solemn flow,—
In its volume ever deepening,
As my footsteps homeward go!

Home,—to see Thy Face in glory!
Home,—to dwell with Thee in light!
Father! *now* by faith I see Thee,—
Then shall faith be lost in sight!

"BE NOT WEARY."

"Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—GAL. vi. 9.

"Be not weary" (margin "faint not") "in well doing."—2 THESS. iii. 13.

OH, be not weary, Christian!
The night will soon be past:
E'en now the day is springing
That shall for *ever* last!

Thy work? It is for *Jesus:*
Work as *He* did for *you!*
Oh, let His dauntless courage
Thy fainting heart renew!

Each wingèd hour a tribute,—
Each thought,—each transient word,
And every action, Christward,—
A tribute to thy Lord!

Thou canst not *then* be weary,
E'en though the flesh be spent:
For love its glorious ardour
Hath to the spirit lent!

Thy suffering? Thy privation?
Thy toil? The fight of faith?
'Tis all "but for a moment":
"Be faithful unto death"!

Remember Who indwells thee,—
The Everlasting Lord!
"Lo, I am with you always"
His sweet, unchanging word!

Then *why* be weary, Christian?
For *this* is not thy rest!
Toil on! Thou soon wilt enter
The mansions of the blest!

The Master gives the watchword,
"Work while 'tis called to-day!
"For time's brief hours of labour
"Will soon have passed away!"

Work in the early morning,
Work in the calm, high noon,
Work through the shades of evening,
For midnight cometh soon!

Midnight,—and then the dawning,—
The dawn of that bright day,
Through which, unwearied service
Our souls to Him shall pay!

Oh, 'tis but one brief moment
Of patient toil, of pain;
And then eternal glory,
Through Jesus, we shall gain!

Then, Christian, why be weary?
The night will soon be past!
The morn o'erspreads the mountains,—
The day is springing fast!

Rest in the love of Jesus,—
Rest on His arm of power;
But work, unwearied, watchful,—
For He may come this hour!

BEFORE THE CROSS.

"Looking unto JESUS."—HEB. xii. 2.
"Jesus Christ evidently set forth, crucified among you."—GAL. iii. 1.

"Look . . and be Saved!"

OH, let me look! My soul is weary, Lord!
Weary of sin, of anguish, and of strife!
Lift Thou mine eyes! My heart is deeply stirred,
One look at Thee shall give me endless life!

I *cannot* look! Unworthy, lost, undone,—
Thy spotless purity condemns me quite:
Thy wondrous love my sinful heart hath won,
Yet made me feel all-hateful in Thy sight!

Look *Thou* on me! Look with that pitying eye
That falls upon the pardoned, dying thief!
Look! for Thy gaze shall soothe me as I lie,
And, in that look, my soul shall find relief!

"Thine Eye is upon me for Good!"

I feel Thine eye! O Lord, I *dare* to look!
To look on Thee who all my sin dost bear,—
With trembling awe on Thee, whom all forsook,
And find in Thee my Refuge from despair!

O Lord of Life! Was ever love like Thine?
From heaven's high throne to such a death as this!
Can it be true a soul so lost as mine
Thou stoopest thus to raise to Thy great bliss?

O gracious Lord! O suffering Lamb of God!
The half had not been told me of Thy love!
Thou hast for ME this dreadful wine-press trod,—
A sight that must angelic pity move!

"For us men, and for our Salvation!"

Is it for *me*,—as if for me *alone*,—
That cruel anguish and that bitter cry?
For *me*,—for ME indeed,—that pang unknown?
For *me* the SON OF GOD should bleed and die?

That crown of thorns, then, wreathes in words of love!
Those fettered hands, released, now beckon me!
Those feet, unbound, are coming swift to prove
That all this love, this suffering, is for ME!

Yet, oh, my blessed Lord! For *me* that shame?
To write *my* pardon in Thy own life-blood?
"A curse" for *me?* To bear for *me* the blame,—
The punishment,—the righteous wrath of God?

Lord, I believe! My grateful soul shall rest,
Each day, each hour, on Thy atoning work!
Thy sacrifice my plea whene'er by sin opprest,—
The power to cast out foes that inly lurk!

"Believing, ye Rejoice!"

Oh, fix mine eyes on Thee in one true, life-long gaze,
Away from self and every earthly thing!
Blend Thou with mine, renewed, Thy matchless traits,
Till all my life with hallelujahs ring!

For, was not this the "joy,"—the *double* joy,—
The joy of God in man, and man in God,—
The sacred guerdon of Thy life's employ,
That scorned the shame,—the travail crowned in blood?

Then, all *my* life, devoted to Thy praise,
Formed on Thy model, pure and true shall be!
With steadfast look, through all my chequered days,
Mine eye shall rest, in grateful love, on Thee!

Soon shall I see Thee, face to face, above!
Transfigured then,—like Thee in holiness!
Then shall the fulness of Thy glorious love
My guerdon be,—*my* "joy" all fathomless!

Looking to Thee, 'mid scenes of rich delight,
Once "crucified" with Thee, and with Thee "dead;"
Then "risen" with Thee; exalted to that height
Of bliss; then "glorified" with Thee, my Head:

I shall adore Thy wondrous love for *me*,—
As if for *me* ALONE! With grateful thrill
Describing that first gaze on Calvary,—
From age to age, in rapture, "looking" still!

"HIS PECULIAR TREASURE."

PSALM CXXXV. 4.

THE treasures of the Lord! Ah, who shall tell their glory?
What angel-tongue shall *half* unfold the dazzling story?
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor heart conceived,
The boundless wealth of God: yet faith is not deceived!
"Riches in glory"! Faint the emblem! Mortal word
Is powerless to make known the Treasures of the Lord!

The universe is His! Sun, moon, and stars proclaim
His vast dominion; and the earth His wondrous fame,—
Its fulness is the Lord's: while realms unseen, unknown,
Of unimagined splendour, gild some distant zone,
And tell of near approach to those unmeasured plains,
Where, clothed in light, and Sovereign of all worlds, He reigns!

"Creation"!—Myriads of revolving orbs unknown!
And countless myriads, too, of beings, made to own,
To love, their great Creator, and by Him be loved!
The bright, angelic throng who never sinful proved!
How dear to God all these! How precious in His sight!
"*Hephzibah*,"* yet, is dearer far,—"the Lord's delight"!

Worthless, yet chosen! chosen ere the worlds were made!
Sinful,—to be in spotless holiness arrayed!
Worms of the earth, and creatures of an hour, to be
Exalted to the height of God's felicity!
Once, aliens, outcasts, rebels,—now, through grace, brought nigh,
As *children*, yea, as *heirs with Christ* of God Most High!

* Isa. lxii. 4.

Oh, marvellous riches of His everlasting love!
Could they, the hearts of seraphs might with envy move!
Protected, as the Apple of Jehovah's Eye!*
His jewels, purchased by that thrilling, bitter cry
Of His Belovèd Son, that pierced the midnight gloom
Of that midday when Life was shrouded in the tomb!

'Twas *then* the price for them was paid,—and *such* a price!
The dearest thing God had He gave in sacrifice!
No wonder, then, that such peculiar love, unsought,
Should set peculiar value on the treasure bought!
His diadem,† they shall for ever, star-like, shine,—
His jewels, with His own endorsement, "*They are* MINE!"‡

O God! and hast Thou all this tender thought for *me?*
Profound, o'erwhelming, is the wondrous mystery!
Many and gracious are Thy thoughts for us, O Lord;
But chiefly that Thou shouldest thus Thy sons reward,—
Unworthy, lost, erewhile, and plunged in misery,—
E'en with THYSELF, and all the fulness that abides in Thee!

Glorious endowment! "All things," thus, in Christ, are ours!
A prize withheld from e'en the loftiest heavenly powers!
Part of Himself, He loves us *as* Himself, and gives
All that He *hath*,—a dower by which the Christian lives!
Sustained, protected, treasured, with surpassing love,
Our life, *divine*, is hid with Him in Christ above!

Oh, let our own love, then, be fervent and sincere!
"*Treasure in heaven*"? Yea, Lord, THYSELF, most dear,—
Dearer than all things, here or there; our hearts shall cling
To Thee, and follow Thee,—though life *its* treasures bring,
To allure us from Thee! For we long to see Thy face,—
As Thy peculiar treasures of redeeming grace!

* Zech. ii. 8. † Isa. lxii. 3. ‡ Mal. iii. 17.

"THE HOLY FLOCK."

EZEK. XXXVI. 38.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."—ISA. XL. 11.

"I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine. . . . . I lay down My life for the sheep."—ST JOHN X. 14, 15.

HARK! 'tis the Shepherd's voice!
Well may His flock rejoice!
They know His care, they know His power,—
The love that shields them every hour:
So when His call they hear,
Ringing so sweetly clear,
With one accord they go,
Nor fear the ravening foe!

Forth to the dewy meads
His willing flock He leads;
The tender lamb His arm enfolds,
The fruitful ewe He gently holds;
He passeth on before,
Scanning them o'er and o'er!
So, without thought or care,
They follow everywhere!

By the "still waters'" side,
'Neath friendly shade they hide;
In pastures green, when noon-tide glows,
Made to lie down in calm repose!
Oh, "little flock," how blest,
Beneath such care to rest!
Let the fierce storm arise,
It cannot *them* surprise!

And, should a loved one stray,
Far o'er the hills away,—
With anxious care He finds the track,
With bleeding feet He brings it back,—
Rejoicing o'er the lost
The more its rescue cost!
He, in the thought "*'tis saved!*"
Forgets what He has braved!

And who hath all this love?
Who will so faithful prove?
Oh, is it not that peerless One,
To whom our willing feet should run,—
That He may us enfold,
Filled with a joy untold—
JESUS,—whose wondrous grace
We in the Shepherd trace?

Ah, yes! and He hath said
That we by Him are led!
Each day, each hour, His tender care,
Love's ambient cloud, is everywhere!
He calls us by our name;
Is evermore the "Same,"
Our Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
Whose love shall never end!

The pastures of the Lord?
His rich engrafted Word:
'Tis *there* sweet rills of life refresh,—
And, feeding there, our heart and flesh,
Sing through the live-long day,
And fear no more to stray!
Oh, who are like to those
Whom the Good Shepherd "knows"?

Then could we *fail* to raise
Perpetual songs of praise?
Oh, sooner far let sight grow dim,
And life wane low, than thought of Him
Should cease to kindle joy,
Or praise our tongue employ!
For the Good Shepherd gave
His own life *our's* to save!

And now one glorious Fold,
As He Himself foretold,
Is gathering fast at Eventide!
Time's deepening shadows quickly glide
Into the night whose morn
Shall richer fields adorn,—
Sweet pastures of delight
With God's own radiance bright!

Ere long that "perfect day"
Shall dawn, with thrilling ray,
In seven-fold light* of cloudless noon!
No smiting sun nor hurtful moon,†—
Still by their Shepherd led,
At life's great Fountain-Head,‡
The Holy Flock shall rest,
Supremely, *ever*, blest!

* Isa. xxx. 26. † Psalm cxxxi. 6. ‡ Rev. vii. 17.

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

"Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?"—JOB XXXV. 10.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—PSALM iv. 8.

THOU hast loved me, O Lord,
With a love everlasting;
Thou hast told me Thy love,—
Heaven's rapture forecasting
In Songs in the Night!

Thy belovèd shall sleep,
For hast Thou not spoken?
He shall slumber in peace,—
Thou shalt give him Thy token
Of Songs in the Night!

Not a fear shall disturb,—
Not a foe shall distress me;
In my dreams I shall sing
"Every day will I bless Thee!"—
In Songs in the Night!

Yet, to show Thyself near,
If Thou hold mine eyes waking,
Thou wilt touch my heart-chords,
Sweetest harmony making
In Songs in the Night!

I shall sing of Thy love,
All Thy tenderness praising;

From a well-spring of joy
  Strains of gratitude raising
In Songs in the Night!

I shall sing of Thy grace,
  Of Thy wisdom and power;
Of Thy mercy and truth,
  In affliction's dark hour;
In Songs in the Night!

Thy belovèd shall wake
  To be present to meet Thee;
Thy belovèd shall joy
  In deep reverence to greet Thee
In Songs in the Night!

He shall sing of the "way,"—
  Of the wonderful guiding;
Of the Spirit of Love
  O'er life's journey presiding,
In Songs in the Night!

For the tones of Thy Voice
  He shall wistfully hearken;
He shall sing in a light
  That no shadow can darken,
In Songs in the Night!

Thus, encircled with love,
  Both in waking and sleeping,
Thy belovèd shall sing,
  With his heart in Thy keeping,
In Songs in the Night!

"*Thy belovèd*"! Herein
  Thy deep love Thou expressest!
Who can speak of that love?
  None but he whom Thou blessest
With Songs in the Night!

"EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE."

PSALM lxiii. 1.

YES! "Early will I seek Thee"!
I love Thee, Lord, so well,—
That, morning, noon, and evening,
My love to Thee I tell!

Yea, with the early morning,
Before the break of day,
My heart, Thy love recalling,
Doth "Abba, Father," say!

Thy Name is like frankincense
Upon me nightly shed;
I calmly sink in slumber
When I have "Father" said!

I bless Thee, too, in waking;
My first glad, welcome thought
To call Thee "Abba, Father,"
As by Thy Spirit taught!

Thus early, Lord, I seek Thee,
To be *alone* with Thee,
To hear the gracious message
Which Thou wilt give to me!

I love to seek Thee early,
In the calm morning hour,
To know Thy mind, and, waiting,
Be filled by Thee with power!

Before life's call of duty,
Early to seek Thy face;
Then, all day long, my Father,
To feel Thy loved embrace!

And, in each plan, each action,
My earliest thought to give
To Thee for wisdom, guidance,
In Whom I move and live!

'Tis in thus humbly seeking
That Thou art surely found:
Then 'tis no cause of wonder
My peace and joy abound!

For "they that seek Me early,"
(Sweet promise Thou hast given,)
Thus "early," too, shall "find" Thee,—
Perchance an early *heaven!*

Oh! might *I* seek it early,—
But, ah! my spirit fears
To antedate Thy purpose;—
My glory swiftly nears!

Yet, may I humbly pray Thee,
"O let Thy love prevail
"To clothe me with Thy beauty,
"Till I descend life's vale!"

But, if Thou call me early,
I shall, responsive, sing,
"I seek Thee, Abba, Father!"
Then rise on joyous wing!

Rise to behold Thy glory,
To see Thee face to face,
Whom I have loved, not seeing,
In this my day of grace!

And then, through countless ages,
One of my songs shall be,
How that I early *sought* Thee,
Was early *found* of Thee!

"THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD."

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."—PSALM XC. 17.

THY "beauty," Lord of Glory!
Thy beauty rest on *me?*
Oh, wondrous transformation,—
That *I* should be like *Thee!*

I long to see Thy splendour,
Veiled in the seven-fold light:[1]
Yet should I *now* reflect Thee,[2]
Enrobed in glistering white![3]

Divinely born,[4] my nature
Should only Thee express,[5]—
From glory changed to glory,[6]
Spotless in holiness![7]

Filled with Thy Holy Spirit,[8]
One in the Sacred Three,[9]—
Yea, in that mystic union
The Blessed Trinity!

Thus, filled with Thy own fulness,[10]—
My heart Thy lowly Shrine,[11]—
Perfect as Thou art perfect,[12]
My life should be divine![13]

[1] Isa. xxx. 26. [2] 2 Cor. iii. 18. [3] St Luke ix. 29; Rev. iii. 18. [4] 1 St John iv. 7. [5] 1 Cor. xi. 7. [6] 2 Cor. iii. 18. [7] 1 Thess. iii. 13. [8] Eph. v. 18. [9] St John xvii. 21. [10] Eph. iii. 19. [11] Eph. iii. 17. [12] St Matt. v. 48. [13] 2 Cor. iv. 10.

Who may depict the beauty,—
  Beauty of God Most High,—
Unseen, unheard, transcendent,
  Deadly to mortal eye?[1]

Thou callest us dear children[2]
  (Words of unbounded grace!)
Thou bidst us show the beauty,
  The glory of Thy Face![3]

Yet, vain are *man's* endeavours!
  The work is all *divine*:
Thine, Lord, the high conception,—
  To will, to do, is Thine![4]

Oh, perfect my salvation!
  Destroy the power of sin!
By Thine indwelling make me
  All glorious now within![5]

Then shall Thy kingly beauty[6]
  Shine in each deed and word!
All men in me discerning
  The image of my Lord![7]

Thus shall I, Thee beholding,[8]
  Reflect Thy righteousness!
And, in Thy likeness waking,[9]
  Thy beauty, Lord, express!

[1] Ex. xxxiii. 20. [2] Eph. v. 1. [3] Isa. lx. 1. [4] Phil. ii. 13. [5] Ps. xlv. 13. [6] Isa. xxxiii. 17. [7] Rom. viii. 29; 2 Cor. iii. 18; Col. iii. 10. [8] 2 Cor. iii. 18. [9] Ps. xvii. 15.

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

Isa. lxiii. 1.

I SING the power of the Lord,
Death to outbrave!
By a look, a touch, or a word,
"Mighty to save,"—
Even *me!*

He spanned the heavens in His might,
Spake, and 'twas done!
But when the power of my will
Conquering, He won
Even *me:*

Ah! *then* His might was displayed,
Sovereign, supreme!
'Twas by His *love* that He sought
Man to redeem,
Even *me!*

And love is stronger than death,
Stooping to raise,
E'en from the brink of the tomb,
Sinners like *me,*
Even *me!*

But oh! the strength of my *will*,
Captive to sin!
Here might omnipotence fail,
Seeking to win
Even *me!*

My heart He melted by *love*,
Opening *His* heart:
Foreknowing, choosing me, yea,
Setting apart,
Even *me!*

Then sing the might of the Lord,
Mighty in *love!*
He bore away all my sin,—
Bears me above,
Even *me!*

Bears *with* me, raising me still
Higher each day:
To *heaven* His chariot will soon
Bear me away,—
Even *me!*

But oh! the might of His power,
Bending my will,
Restraining—moulding—my heart,
Guiding me still,
Even *me!*

We sing the might of His hand,
Building the spheres:
Behold a *mightier* power,
Melting to tears
Even *me!*

Love broke the rock of my heart,—
Terror had failed!
Love bridged my way to the skies,—
O'er me prevailed,
Even *me!*

Thus, love-engirded, I seek
Death to outbrave!
For love, by word or by look,
Is "mighty to save"
Even *me!*

And soon, o'er death and the grave,
I shall rejoice!
And sing for aye that of *me*
Love hath made choice,—
Even *me!*

"STEADY, MY HEART!"

STEADY, my heart, be steady!
No thought of self,—no thought of pride!
But, in true love, be ready
Thy greatness in *thy Lord's* to hide!

"Thy greatness?" Yes, love-gifted!
A chosen "son,"—an "heir of God"!
Yet, be not thou uplifted;
'Twas bought with Jesus' precious blood!

Wouldst thou indeed be holy?
Living each day apart with God?
Then must thy *walk* be lowly,—
Marking the steps thy Saviour trod!

How mean His home,—His labour!
The "King of kings and Lord of lords"
Stooped thus to love His neighbour,
In self-denying acts and words!

And, darest *thou* walk proudly?
Thy very *life* on *His* depends!
And doth not His call loudly
Whose self-denial thought transcends?

Oh, Lord, so great, so lowly,
Thy gentle life my full heart wins!
I long to be as holy,
Freed from the power of inbred sins!

As in Thyself, O Jesus,
Nothing in *me* now reign but LOVE!
Search, for Thine Eye o'ersees us,
And raise my heart to Thee above!

Steady it, Lord, in gladness,
For every joy is Thy sweet gift;
Steady it, Lord, in sadness,
And to Thy Cross my thoughts uplift!

Thou chaste, sublime Example!
On pride and self and every sin,
Oh may I daily trample,
And, like Thyself, the conquest win!

Till, pure in heart before Thee,
Bending still lower as higher raised,
My very *life* adore Thee,
And Thou, through me, art widely praised!

This the true end of living,—
To publish Thy glad praise each hour!
My grateful witness giving
How sweet Thy love, how great Thy power!

Awake, arise, my glory!
Up! climb the heavens, and, sun-like, shine!
Let all men know the story
How they, e'en *now*, may be divine!

But, oh, my heart, be steady!
No thought of self, no thought of pride;
But, in true love, be ready
Thy greatness in *Thy Lord's* to hide!

"EPISTLES OF CHRIST."

"Ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ."—2 Cor. iii. 3.

"Epistles of Christ"! O ye children of God,
How great is the love that He beareth for you!
Away in the skies, in His Father's abode,
He yearns with affection unchangingly true!

He yearneth, and often sweet messages sends
To cheer the lone pilgrims who trust in His love;
Yea, too, He hath *written*,—the truest of friends,—
The might of His wondrous affection to prove!

Sweet letters of grace, both to you and to me,—
So plain are they writ he that readeth may run!—
Indelible lines, from all mystery free,
Except that such love from Him ever was won!

They speak of a pardon, emphatic, complete;
Of power over sin, and of joy without end;
Of peace and of love, so enchantingly sweet,
That heaven, in its glory, with earth seems to blend!

"Epistles of Christ,"—"manifestly declared"!
Oh, where shall we meet with these letters of light?
By angels conveyed? On what substance prepared?
The cup of our joy would run o'er at the sight!

Ah! not with a pen, nor with ink, are they traced!
And not upon costliest vellum inscribed!
The Spirit of God hath the characters placed,—
His love on our *hearts* and our *lives* is described!

O search well and look, for *there* should be seen,
In "manifest" lines, all His tokens of love!
Our tempers, our words, and our actions, our mien,
Our countenance, too, Christ's sweet message should prove!

Yes, mine unto thee, and thine unto me,
The power of His love in the heart should make known:
So thou mayst for *me*, and I may for *thee*,
Give thanks for the grace thus fruitfully shown.

Oh, hast thou considered the force of this word,—
"*Epistle of Christ, manifestly declared*"?
A dignity, too, and a glory unheard,
By all the true children of God to be shared!

Then come, let us show forth the praise of the Lord!
Let Jesus inscribe His *full* love on our heart!
'Tis thus we may shine, and His mercy record,—
Our lives of His own be the true counterpart!

"Too high for our aim?" Yet not for His power!
He bids us to yield our whole lives to His will!
'Tis *then* that He writes, through each day and each hour,
His letters of love with ineffable skill!

"Epistles of Christ" then, indeed, shall we prove,
At home and abroad, yea, wherever we be!
The power of His grace men's deep wonder shall move,
When reading its message in *you* and in *me!*

CHOSEN OF GOD.

"His elect . . . . whom He hath chosen."—St Matt. xiii. 20.

Chosen of God,—the Mighty God!
Hark to the choirs of angels singing
"Chosen of God!"*
And, through my heart the strain is ringing,
Chosen of God,—the Mighty God!

This glorious truth *they* sing as *I:*
Electing love has brought them nearer,—
Chosen of God!
Their song of praise is louder, clearer,
"Elect of God,—of God Most High!"

His purpose dark, we cannot tell
Why Sovereign love, to *angels* shown,—
Chosen of God,—
Should *them* elect and higher throne,—
More richly bless,—who never fell!

"Chosen of God" yet *we* may sing,—
Sing that we were, in love amazing,
Chosen of God!
And who as *we* should thus be praising,
Who spurned His love,—who naught could bring?

* 1 Tim. v. 21.

Oh, wondrous choice! Yes, we had *sin*,—
And we were *lost*, till thus elected,—
Chosen of GOD!
Ah! well He might have us rejected,
"Children of wrath," all vile within!

But we were called! Then with delight
We took our guilt to Him who made us
Chosen of God;
And He hath washed and hath arrayed us
In Christ's own robe of glistering white!

We "put on Christ," and thus we stand;
Crowned with His love,—in Him complete,—
Chosen of God;
And worship, clinging, at His feet,
A grateful, trusting, happy band!

Chosen of God for service true,—
Looks, voice, and life, our love proclaim,
Chosen of God!
And, while these praise His wondrous Name,
"Chosen of God" we sing anew!

Yes! we our high estate *will* sing!
For, from the *pit* He bade us rise,
Chosen of God!
Till to our Home beyond the skies
He shall His loving children bring!

Oh, happy sons! Yes, *then* in strains,
Unknown, undreamt of, we shall sing,
"Chosen of God!"
Seraphs and saints shall, mingled, wing,
Thus one in heart, the heavenly plains!

Oh ! hear by faith those thrilling songs,—
Blended in one harmonious strain,—
"Chosen of God!"
The rapture swells in high refrain,
To Him to Whom the praise belongs !

O God of Love !—that *I* may be
Accounted worthy through Thy grace,—
Chosen of Thee,—
To sing Thy praise, to see Thy Face,
Throughout a glad eternity,
For Sovereign Love thus shown to *me!*

HIDDEN.

"Thy hidden ones."—PSALM lxxxiii. 3.

O PRAISE ye the Lord for a truth so resplendent,
A "pearl of great price" from the deep of His Word;
Where treasures unbounded, of love all transcendent,
Lie strewn for His saints in a largess unheard!
Oh! the fountain of joy He, in love's regal fashion,
As life-giving water, unseals from above—
What tender affection! What yearning compassion!
So richly unveiling His fulness of love.

That God is our FATHER! Oh, heart-thrilling story!
His "children" shall rest 'neath the shade of His wing;
Farewell, then, to sadness! Awake up my glory!
With love's mellow chanting His temple* shall ring!
For, 'mid the rude storms of this life's tribulation,
When Satan's wild legions spring forth to destroy,
He spreads His "pavilion," becomes my "Salvation,"
And hideth me safe in unspeakable joy!

Ah! was it not thus when the foe, deeply angered,
O'er Attaka's plains flew on Israel's track?
The "cloud of His presence," by day as a vanguard,
At night was a warder of fire at their back!

* "Ye are the temple of the living God."—2 Cor. vi. 16.

And the ages proclaim, with an eloquent power,
"O trust in the Lord, ever trust Him, ye saints!
"He, the 'Refuge' and 'Fortress,' the 'Rock' and 'High Tower,'
"The 'Strength of your heart,' is not weary nor faints!

"His potent 'Right Hand' all His chosen investing,
"Still casteth a 'shadow,' His love's 'secret place'!
"E'en now, as with Daniel, swift peril arresting,
"That shadow shall tell of the might of His grace!
"Oh, wanderer, *try* it, thy hope is well-founded,—
"The Lord shall thy Guide and thy Champion be;
"His wisdom so lofty, His love so unbounded,
"The 'power of His might'—*all* are purchased for thee!"

The *Way* to the refuge? Oh, is it not JESUS,
The "Man for an hiding-place" clearly foretold,—
Who suffered, from thraldom to sin to release us,—
The "Rock" that was riven the lost to enfold?
The glory of Sinai and Horeb's still voices
Tell of splendid revealings, of whisperings heard,
By him, who in Jesus' cleft side now rejoices,—
'Tis written, in letters of light, in the Word!

Oh, Pavilion of God!—on Thy shelter relying,
When the "blast of the terrible" swelleth amain,
Safe housed in Thy love, my soul is defying
The heat of the furnace—life's uttermost pain!
Oh, haste to that "Covert," that loved "Rock of Ages,"
And *fully* believe in His presence and power!
A "Rampart of fire," all our fear He assuages,
Most vivid in splendour in life's waning hour!

And thus—Hallelujah!—my Father in heaven,
By heart-speaking types, my protection assures:

Not a place, not an hour, from life's morn to its even,
But His fond loving-kindness completely secures
My freedom from danger, my bliss never-fading,
My closer communion, my still deeper rest!
Oh, mighty compassion! Oh, sweet overshading!
Can even the "angels-elect" be more blest?

Then, a-glow with Thy love, O Thou sovereign Defender,
I pass to the cloud, halo-bright with Thy rays!
Enshrined in Thy Presence, my life Thou shalt render
Luxuriant in blessings, perfumed with Thy praise!
I long to be near Thee, I *know* Thou wilt guide me;
In view of this joy my heart merrily sings;
Till I see Thee in glory, O lovingly hide me,
Drawn close to Thy heart, 'neath the shade of Thy wings!

"LOWLY IN HEART."

"Be clothed with humility."—1 ST PETER v. 5.

"Serving the Lord with all humility of mind."—ACTS xx. 19.

"Learn of Me; for I am *meek and lowly in heart*, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—THE SAVIOUR.

"LOWLY in heart," like Jesus,
Oh, how I long to be!
Tell me the reason, Saviour,
That I am *not* like Thee!

Thou knowest well the secret,
And *I* would know it too:
Thou hast engaged to tell me
All I should say or do!

I want to be just like Thee,
And yet am so unlike!
My heart is soft,—Thine Image,
In all its beauty, strike!

Yet, *can* I be just like Thee,
JESUS, Thou MAN DIVINE?
So great, and yet so lowly,—
Can *I*, too, God enshrine?

I nothing have to boast of,—
Never was "rich" like Thee!
Never possessed a "glory"
From all eternity!

Yet, shorn of all, *Thou* camest,
A stranger 'midst Thine own!
The "King of kings" an outcast,
Despised,—betrayed,—alone!

Oh, wondrous condescension!
Sublime humility!
Forgive the vain presumption
That *I* should be like *Thee!*

Yet wast Thou made in "all things"
Like our humanity,
That *we*—Thy brethren—might be
In all things like to Thee!

Speak, then, the word, my Saviour!
All pride of heart expel,—
My lofty *will*, self-glorious,
That makes me oft rebel!

Each thought of my own merit,
Self-confidence, conceit,—
Yea, *all* my erring nature
Bring captive to Thy feet!

"Lowly in heart" like Thee, Lord,
Oh, how I long to be!
I would be always near Thee,
Clothed with humility!

I would be always listening
For what Thou hast to say:
Can I, like Thee, be lowly?
Oh, tell me, Lord, the way!

"Only by Thy indwelling"?
"Only by power divine"?
Is *this* the glorious secret?
The true, unfailing, sign?

Then, Lord, I know the secret
Of all my *failures* now!
Had I but sought Thy wisdom,
Thou wouldst have told me how!

Thy life was one grand lesson,
E'en in humility!
And this, by Thy indwelling,
Must now be taught by *Thee!*

Then, Lord, the glorious *living!*
Thyself my life,—my all!
Almighty Love my Safeguard,—
Why should I ever fall?

Come, dwell within me, Jesus!
So shall I ever be,
If "one" with Thee in *all* things,
"Lowly in heart" like Thee!

"HOW MUCH MORE?"

"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, *how much more* shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him."
—ST MATT. vii. 11.

I CANNOT tell, my Saviour! Who but *Thee*
Should know the secrets of the Father's mind?
Thou hast revealed His *love*,—yet that shall be
A mystery whose depth no skill can find!

We love our children, and would fain with ours
Defend *their* lives, and fill them with delight;
But we are *evil*, circumscribed in powers,
And know not always how to act aright!

Yet is our love a vital force that sways
The soul with mighty ardour, and impels
To suffering, borne through countless weary days,
When peril darkly round our children swells!

Yea, evil though we *be*, our love is true,
And pours its largess with unstinted hand;
And, if but *one* unsullied grace endue
Our souls, *parental love* the test shall stand!

"Love that passeth Knowledge"!

Yet is it naught beside the love of *God!*
Polluted, vain, self-seeking, at the best,
Our love in that clear light that sheds abroad
Its radiance in the mansions of the blest!

O Saviour, *Thou* hast known that love so well,
Through all the ages of eternity,
That *Thou* its depth, and length, and breadth, canst tell!
Say,—is it *as the Father hath loved Thee?*

Ah, yes! 'tis Thy own word! Amazing love!
Then, "*How much more?*" Thou mightest truly say!
And "How much more" we well may long to prove,
But shall not *know* till breaks our perfect day!

"From Glory to Glory"!

Nor even *then!* For fresh unveilings shall
Their lustre shed while countless ages roll!
Unfathomed, unexplained, yet *felt* by all,
To fill with *God* the yet-expanding soul!

Then "How much more?" we can but faintly guess,
And leave the answer for eternity!
But, "*God is love,*" nor can His love be less
For us than "As Thou, Father, lovest *Me*"!

"Unsearchable Riches"!

But *this* we may acquire,—our *present* gain,—
The "good things" which His love shall bring:
"Exceedingly, abundantly" those things remain,
Above faith's high imagining!

But yet *one* glorious dower that love bestows,
Investment of our life with "all things" meet
For calm endurance, victory, repose;
For holy living, "perfect and complete:"

The *Spirit of the Lord* is that "good thing,"
Bestowed on all who ask in living faith;
"The mighty power of God," our souls to bring
Up from the portals of eternal death.

This glorious power, in tenderness supreme,
With longings known but to our Father-God,
He waits to give, a balm for woes extreme,
Magnetic force to win to His abode!

And to parental sympathy the Son,
The Well-Belovèd from eternity,
Appeals; proclaims His Father's mind, as One
Who knew it well in its infinity:

And, "*How much more?*" He tenderly suggests,
Will He, My Father, give good things to you,
Who, being evil, grant your sons' requests,—
He, of unbounded love, in all things true!

Oh, let us, then, believe with all our heart,—
Trust to that love which Jesus knew so well,—
And, "*How much more,*" O Lord, at least in part,
We soon shall *know*, and knowing, fail to *tell!*

"HE SAID, COME!"

"Lord, ... bid me come unto Thee on the water. And *He said, Come!*"—
St Matt. xiv. 28, 29.

I knew not the peril,—but *Jesus* was there!
Then, oh, to be with Him, what could I not dare?
I saw neither billows, nor storm-cloud above,—
My heart He had filled with all-conquering love!

I challenged His love, and I challenged His power!
But, oh! the distress of that perilous hour!
He said to me, "Come," and I hastened to go,
The strength of my daring affection to show!

At first all was courage,—for on Him I gazed;
But soon by the tempest my heart was amazed:
"Lord, save me! I perish!" At once, then, He stooped:
Mine eye from His own for one moment had drooped!

The lesson was taught me,—a lesson for all!
Yet, *had* I not faith? And, oh, could it be *small?*
Or was it presumption,—or ignorant zeal?
"*Thou* knowest, O Jesus! Thy purpose reveal!"

Thus humbly I prayed, as the gale fell asleep,
My soul was cast down,—could but wonder and weep!
Alas! I had "doubted"! But *whom?* As to *what?*
His loving protection? oh! could it be *that?*

My faith was but "little,"—He asked of me, Why?
It carried me far,—yet the billows ran high,
Surmounting my faith! But, with triumph elate,
I stood on the waters: then was it not *great?*

The faith that o'ercometh, *the Lord* must impart;
Its eye from Him wavering, then falters the heart!
I looked at the whirlwind,—faith drooped and I sank:
Was *this* to partake of the "cup" that He drank?

Oh, *fix,* Lord, my gaze! Ever fix it on Thee;
And, safe, I shall walk o'er life's turbulent sea!
My faith shall be mighty,—no shadow of doubt,—
And life shall indeed be a triumph throughout!

I long to be with Thee! What could I not dare!
But, Lord, I will now of *presumption* beware!
I fain would entreat Thee, "O bid me to come!"
But, warned by my frailty, I seek to be dumb.

Yet,—might I but humbly, e'en venture to say,
"'Lord, bid me to come,' o'er a storm-ridden way,"—
The word of command and the faith shall be Thine,—
To walk in Thy power alone shall be mine!

The billows, the tempest, shall be as a calm!
The blast of the winds shall be heavenly balm!
Engirdled with faith, e'en the faith of a child,
I shall follow Thy voice through the perilous wild!

"ALL THE DAYS."

"Πάσας τὰς Ἡμέρας."

"Lo, I am with you ALWAY—(Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—*all the days*),—even unto the end of the world."—ST MATT. xxviii. 20.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—"all the days!"
Oh, then, my heart, in its sweet amaze,
As bounding roe shall spring!
The morning dawn, and the dead of night,
The calm high noon of unclouded light,
Perennial songs shall bring!

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—looking back,
O'er life's uneven and thorn-sown track,
To days of cheerless gloom,—
I wondering ask if the Lord was nigh,
When bursting grief and a stifled cry
Proclaimed my heart a tomb?

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—Jesus said:
Though clouds and darkness may overspread,
E'en *then* behold Him near!
The raging storm and the billows' roar
Affrighted me then, as oft before,
Though I had naught to fear!

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—"all the days!"
Yea,—blessed words!—and in all the *ways*
I traverse here below:
In sunshine, cloud, yea in fiercest storm,
My faith shall view His all-gracious Form,—
And, fearless, onward go!

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—glorious word!
With circling arms my all-conquering Lord
My trusting heart enshields!
Oh, then, each step through the hastening year,
My days and ways shall be void of fear,
For sovereign power He wields!

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—gilded hours,—
The radiant brightness of heavenly bowers,—
Shall speed their onward flight,
And bear me, resting on Jesus' arm,
Not feeling the dread of the least alarm,
To my Father's Home of light!

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—would that all
Might shelter find whom His love doth call
To rest in love so vast!
Come, brethren, trust! and in lowly joy,
Bear high your heart in your loved employ,—
Your strife will soon be past!

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—Jesus says:
Your strength shall equal your bitterest days:
Can He in love say more?
Then let us follow, since Jesus leads,—
Assured of help in our varying needs,—
To Canaan's happier shore!

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—glorious thought!—
Investing those by the Spirit taught
With joy no tongue can tell!
We grasp Thee, Saviour, in faithful love,
And long to see Thy blest home above,
Where ceaseless anthems swell!

Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας—then for aye,
Through all the bliss of the eternal day,
We shall extol Thy grace!
No longer resting in simple faith,
Believing all that Thy Spirit saith,
But *knowing* "face to face!"

PSALM XXIII.

JEHOVAH is my Shepherd,—
Henceforth no want have I:
In pastures green He maketh me
For ever down to lie!

He by still waters leadeth;
Restores my soul; and then
Guides me in paths of righteousness,
For His Name's sake again!

I will not fear, though walking
Death's shadowy Vale: for Thou
Art with me, Lord: Thy Rod and Staff—
They comfort even now!

A table Thou preparest
Mine enemies before;
Anointest, too, my head with oil:
My cup now runneth o'er!

Goodness and mercy surely
Through life shall follow me;
And I within the House of God
Shall dwell eternally!

ANOTHER VERSION.

THE LORD is my Shepherd:
  Henceforth, then, to me,
Yea, even for ever,
  No want shall there be!

Green pastures He maketh
  Me down in to lie;
He leadeth me ever
  The still waters by.

My soul He restoreth;
  And me, then, besides,
In paths, for His Name's sake,
  Of righteousness guides.

Though walking Death's Valley,
  No evil I fear;
Thy Rod and Staff comfort,
  For Thou, Lord, art near!

Thou spreadest a table
  In sight of my foes;
My head Thou anointest—
  My cup overflows!

Yea, goodness and mercy
  Shall compass my ways:
Henceforth I will dwell in
  Thy House all my days!

"SILENT IN LOVE."

"He will be silent in His love."—ZEPH. iii. 17 (margin).

SILENCE OF GOD! The silence of His love!
A problem of divinest subtilty!
Lord, I am still! I know that Thou art God!*—
Unveil Thy love's transcendent mystery!

* * * *

Oft in the past, when sin defiled my heart,
Thy Voice, O God, was still,—a death-like calm!
Hushed was the song; and prayer essayed in vain
To bring from heaven Thy soothing, healing balm!

Arrows of fierce temptation stung my soul:
I cried in anguish, but dead silence reigned!
Doubts of Thy wisdom, love, and faithfulness,
Arose within, and mind and conscience stained!

Sorrow begirt my path: death stole my hopes:
Affliction rolled me on a bed of fire:
Midnight around me threw its sombre pall,—
Its silence mocked my soul's intense desire!

My providential way was dark,—hedged in:
I feared to move! I sought Thy guiding hand,
Yet found Thee not! I called, "My Father, hear!"
But silence echoed where no footstep trod!

* Psalm xl. 10.

Was this in love? The silence of Thy love?
In part, if not in whole,—my faith to try:
As if that silence said, "Be still and know
"That I am God: believe Me *always* nigh!"

Clouds rent asunder, and the darkness fled!
My tears were beauteous in the light of love!
Then the fair Bow of Promise shone afar,
Unchanging faithfulness in Thee to prove!

And then new strains of joy, not loud but deep,—
The melody attuned to seraph-lyres,—
Filled all the temple of my heart! I sang
As only they whom Thy true love inspires!

Drawn with the cords of love, I hid myself
In Thy Pavilion, and I sought to hear
What Thou wouldst say. A thrilling silence reigned!
Deep hush of soul,—yet not a shade of fear!

True love is often speechless! So profound
That voice and eyes and pen are taxed in vain!
Yet are its throbbings felt with greater truth
Than when it pleadeth in its loftiest strain!

How true is *Thine!* How inexpressible!
Jesus, the picture of Thy heart, declared
Thy love "so" great, Thou gavest up to death
Thy *Son*,—Thy Well-Belovèd,—in our stead!

Oh, measureless Abyss of Love! Canst Thou,
O God, mete out the unknown span that girds
Immensity? Ah! bordering on these depths
E'en Thou art silent,—Love that fails of words!

Thus draw me, O my God, in silent love!
Enfold me in Thine Everlasting Arms!
Speak, when Thou thinkest well, to warn, to cheer,
To guide, or to console, 'mid time's alarms!

Yet, in Thy *silent* love, O bathe my soul,
As in the still, calm light of summer noon!
Then shall each phase of life proclaim Thy love,—
To songs of silent *joy* my heart attune!

Thou knowest *when* to speak! O be not still
When danger is at hand,—advice I need,—
Instruction,—comfort,—aid in my distress:—
Then speak, in clearest tones, in very deed!

Belshazzar's feast, from wildest revelry,
To silence audible was struck, as shone
Upon the walls the fatal, God-writ words!—
"Weighed and found wanting" turned his heart to stone!

Oh! far from *me* that dreadful silence be,—
Silence of awe, of terror, and of death!
Open Thine heart, O Lord, and draw me near,
Yea, nearer still, with every passing breath!

Rest in Thy love, and let me rest in *Thee!*
Silent to Thee, to *feel* Thy silent love,
O let me nearer cling, each day, each hour,
Till Thou unveil to me Thy Face above!

"MARVELLOUS LIGHT."

1 St Peter ii. 9.

A *kingdom*[1] of light, where the *Sovereign*[2] is Light,
Is the kingdom of God's dear Son!
Its *subjects*[3] are light, all its *precepts*[4] are light,—
The light of the Great Three in One![5]

A *pathway*[6] of light, trod by angels of light,[7]
Conducts to the kingdom above:
In "marvellous light"[8] all the "children of light"[9]
Are clothed in the Sun-light of love![10]

Then why is my heart, and the way that I tread,
E'er shadowed by veilings of night?
The glory of Christ,[11] as my Day-Spring,[12] is shed,
To fill me with "marvellous light"!

A child of the light, I should "walk in the light,"[13]
Outshining the stars, yea, the sun!
And daily my path be increasingly bright,[14]—
The glory of heaven begun!

The "light of the knowledge" of glory divine[15]
In Jesus, the "Bright Morning Star,"[16]
Will into my heart, in full radiance shine,
Reflecting its lustre afar!

[1] Col. i. 12, 13. [2] 1 St John i. 5. [3] 1 Thess. v. 5. [4] Ps. cxix. 105. [5] 2 Cor. iv. 6.
[6] Prov. iv. 18. [7] 2 Cor. xi. 14. [8] 1 St Pet. ii. 9. [9] Eph. v. 8. [10] Col. iii. 14.
[11] St John xvii. 22; 2 Thess. ii. 14. [12] St Luke i. 78. [13] St John i. 7.
[14] Prov. iv. 18; 2 Cor. iii. 18. [15] 2 Cor. iv. 6. [16] Rev. xxii. 16.

Then wherefore the cloud, like a shade from the tomb,
That turns into midnight my day?
O Saviour, arise! My heart maketh Thee room!
Beam forth with Thy shadowless ray!

Thou shinest around me, Thou shinest within,—
But not with meridian light;
For doubt, or mistrust, or unmortified sin,
Oft veileth Thee, Lord, from my sight!

Then lift up your heads, O ye gates of my soul!
Each chamber to Jesus unseal:
His "marvellous light" shall illumine the whole,
And marvellous *glory* reveal![1]

"From glory to glory"![2] Outpourings of love![3]
(But who hath this pathway e'er trod?)
With Jesus exalted,[4]—life hidden above,[5]—
Then "*filled with the fulness of God*"![6]

Behold, then, the pathway of "marvellous light"
Our footsteps are bidden to climb!
As "children of day," 'mid life's perilous night,
To shine as the beacons of time![7]

O Thou who art Light enshrouded in light,[8]
Shine forth with meridian ray!
That, filled with Thy light, I may show Thee aright,[9]
Till breaketh my soul's Perfect Day![10]

[1] Heb. i. 8. [2] 2 Cor. iii. 18. [3] Rom. v. 5. [4] Eph. ii. 6. [5] Col. iii. 3, 7.
[6] Eph. iii. 19. [7] Phil. ii. 15. [8] Ps. civ. 2. [9] 1 St Pet. ii. 9. [10] Prov. iv. 18.

"TOGETHER."

"Συνεζωοποιήσε,—συνήγειρε,—και συνεκάθισεν ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις ἐν Χριστῷ Ιησοῦ."

EPH. ii. 5, 6.

"ONE"[1] with Thee, O blessed Saviour,—
Startling truth Thy lips have spoken!
Truth our highest thought surpassing:
Yet can *Thy* word e'er be broken?

Tell me, Lord, its wondrous meaning,—
Prove in *me* what Thou hast said!
Though I be Thy lowliest member,
Tell me this, my glorious Head![2]

Many thoughts by Thee were uttered,
When Thy Nature here was veiled,—
Glimpses of our ancient glory,
Ere, through sin, its lustre paled:

Glimpses that beget strange longings,
Yearnings to know more of Thee;
Throbbings that new life betoken,—
LIFE,—that boundless mystery!

Yet art *Thou* The LIFE, O Jesus,[3]
God in man, and man in God!
Life to lead our fallen nature
Back to scenes it once hath trod!

[1] St John xvii. 21, 22. [2] 1 Cor. xi. 3. [3] St John xiv. 6.

Back to sacred, perfect union
With the Godhead,[1] lost through sin;
Back to LIFE in all its beauty,—
Heaven before us,—Heaven within!

Oh, the far exceeding glory,—
Not in store,—unfolded *now!* [2]
Mortal lips, then, well may quiver,
Mortal hearts, adoring, bow!

For, to sit in Heavenly Places[3]
Now with Christ our risen Lord,
In the fulness of His Spirit,[4]
Is a height by *few* explored!

Few, because the cup of *suffering*
Must precede the cup of *joy:*[5]
Would we now with Christ be reigning?
Death must our "old man" destroy![6]

"Perfect union"? Then, through *suffering*
Must that perfect union be![7]
For *His* footsteps daily led Him
Through this awful mystery![8]

Can *we* drink the cup *He* drank of?
Be baptized, like Him, in blood?
Brother! know the mighty compact,—
Be its terms well understood!

"Crucified," yea, "dead," with Jesus,[9]—
(Can thy soul the thought receive?)
His dread agony partaking,[10]—
(Canst thou *all* this truth believe?)

[1] St John xvii. 21. [2] 2 Cor. iii. 18. [3] Eph. ii. 6. [4] St John i. 16; Eph. iii. 19.
[5] Rom. viii. 17. [6] Rom. vi. 6. [7] 1 St Pet. v. 10. [8] Heb. ii. 10.
[9] Gal. ii. 20. [10] Phil. iii. 10.

"Buried," too, in yonder garden,
Dead to *sin* as He to *sound:*
Thy old nature must be buried,
In eternal graveclothes wound!

Brother! canst thou not believe it?
Is the word exceeding hard?
Then the LIFE shall fail to reach thee,
By thy unbelief debarred!

Oh! arise, fulfil the compact!
Dead with Christ within the tomb,
Resurrection life shall greet thee,[1]
Banishing all doubt and gloom!

Life of GOD, in Jesus hidden;[2]
Life *of* Jesus,—manifest![3]
Life *for* Jesus,[4]—life *with* Jesus,[5]—
Christ, the Prince of Life,[6] thy Guest[7]!

"Blessèd?" Yea, supremely blessèd!
For, in Him, all things are thine!
He shall *fill* thee—(wondrous promise!)[8]
With *Himself,*—thy heart His shrine!

Oft, in holy contemplation,
Thou shalt rise to heights unknown;
Till, with Him, the flesh discarded,
Thou shalt stand before the Throne!

But, remember well the compact:
If "together" in the *pain,*—
If "together" *buried,—risen:*
Then "together" we shall *reign!*[9]

[1] Phil. iii. 10. [2] Col. iii. 3. [3] 2 Cor. iv. 10. [4] Rom. xiv. 8. [5] 2 Cor. xiii. 4.
[6] Acts iii. 15. [7] Eph. iii. 17. [8] Eph. iii. 19. [9] Rom. viii. 17.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O Lord of Hosts, how lovely
  Thy tabernacles are!
My longing soul e'en fainteth
  For Thy blest courts afar!
    My heart and flesh, beseeching, cry
    For Thee, the living God Most High!

An house, a nest, the sparrow,—
  The swallow, too,—hath found;
And there, beside Thine altars,
  They lay their young around:
    Yea, round Thine altars, joyous, wing,
    O Lord of Hosts, my God, my King!

Oh, they, indeed, are blessèd
  Who in Thy House abide!
They will be always praising
  Thee, Lord, their Strength and Guide!
    Yea, blest is he whose Strength Thou art,
    Who hides Thy ways within his heart!

They pass the vale of Baca,
  And use it for a well;
The pools the rain-cloud filleth,—
  Their hearts with gladness swell!
    And thus they go from strength to strength,—
    In Zion all appear at length!

O God of Hosts, Jehovah,
  My supplication hear:
O God, Thou God of Jacob,
  Unto me now give ear!
    Behold, O Lord, our Shield, our Sun,
    And look on Thine Anointed One!

For, in Thy courts 'tis better
  To spend one happy day,
E'en sitting at the threshold,*
  Than thousands far away!
    Yea, I had rather keep the door,
    Than dwell in tents of sinners more!

A Sun and Shield, Jehovah
  Will grace and glory give,—
From them no good withholding
  Who uprightly do live:
    O Lord of Hosts, how blessèd he
    Who putteth all his trust in Thee!

* Margin.

"I AM THE LORD'S!"

ISAIAH xliv. 5.

NOT my own, O gracious Saviour,
Not my own to live or die!
"Not my own, but Thine for ever,"
Heart and lips with ardour cry!

Not my own,—what self-abasement!
Once I thought I *was* my own:
Time and money,—life and all things,—
Made to please myself alone!

Thus I spent the days in pleasure,
And the nights I gave to self:
Thinking life was but a day-dream,
Worshipping but sordid pelf!

But the Lord my vision opened,
Showed HIMSELF in all His worth;
Caused me to despise the pleasures
Of this vain and fleeting earth!

Then with joy I turned towards Him:
Saw in Him my soul's true health;
Then forsook my sinful follies,
Found in Him my soul's true wealth!

Saw Him as my loving Bridegroom,
Yielded to Him all my powers:
Joined the throng in gold-wrought vestures,
Hasting to the heavenly bowers!

Hasting to a world of brightness,
  Hasting home to be with God!
Working, trusting, hoping, loving,
  Living only through the Blood!

"ALL FOR JESUS" now my watchword,—
  "All for Jesus" every day:
All *through* Jesus,—all *in* Jesus;—
  All *with* Jesus now I pray!

"Jesus *only*" and in all things,
  Jesus *ever*, now I sing:
Jesus owns me, Jesus loves me,—
  Then to Jesus all I bring!

Sweet it is to know no master
  Saving Thee, my heart's true Lord:
Every thought and feeling captive,—
  Every act and every word!

Thus, O Lord, Thine own for ever,
  All my days I calmly wait,
Ever watching, praying, yearning,
  For the opened Palace-Gate!

"Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly!"
  Sings my heart through all the night:
"Let Thy chariot, swiftly nearing,
  Fill me with supreme delight!"

Soon Thy "*Lo, I come,*" shall bid me
  Rise to meet Thee in the sky:
Then, with wings of love, I'll hasten
  To Thy radiant Home on high!

"MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU."

"Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι ὑμῖν."—St John xiv. 29.

Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι ὑμῖν,—
(The loving bequest of my Saviour and thine!)
Εἰρήνην δίδωμι,—(O hear His sweet Voice,—
The Prince of Peace bids thee in Him to rejoice!)—
Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι!

Εἰρήνην δίδωμι! (Believe it and live!
From death unto life is the peace He will give!)
Εἰρήνην δίδωμι, but not as the world,—
(Therein is an ambush where adders lie curled:)
Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι!

Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν, I came to bestow,
That peace o'er mankind as a river might flow!
Εἰρήνην δίδωμι to all who believe,—
To all who My precepts of love will receive,
Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι!

Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν I purchased for all;
And now to the perishing nations I call,—
Εἰρήνην δίδωμι ὑμῖν! While to those
Who seek, through My Cross, in My love to repose,
Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι!

Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν, for I am their Peace,—
Through Me the dominion of Satan shall cease!
Εἰρήνην δίδωμι, I lovingly cry:
O come unto Me, on My grace to rely,—
Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι!

Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν,—here knowledge shall fail,
Though faith to receive it shall sweetly prevail!
Εἰρήνην δίδωμι,—yes, even to *you*,—
(This word of the Saviour is evermore true,)—
Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι!

Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν, though tempests arise,—
Though darkness of midnight envelop the skies,—
Εἰρήνην δίδωμι,—εἰρήνην ὑμῖν!—
(Of "Lo, I am with you," the comforting sign,)—
Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι!

Εἰρήνη ὑμῖν! I am Jesus, thy Lord!
I speak unto *thee* Love's inspiriting word!
Εἰρήνην δίδωμι, I *now* say to thee,
And still, as thou passest life's turbulent sea,
Fear not! I shall whisper, but look unto Me,—
Εἰρήνην τὴν ἐμὴν δίδωμι!

PSALM I.

BLESSED is he that walketh not
In counsel for the ungodly meet,
Nor standeth in the sinner's way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's seat.

But in the law of God the Lord
Is evermore his sure delight,
And evermore upon that law
He meditates by day and night.

And as by river-side a tree,
In season fruit shall duly bring;
He, too, with never-fading leaf,
Shall prosperous be in everything.

Yet, ah! the ungodly are not so,
But, like the chaff, are driven away,—
In judgment shall not stand,—nor in
The righteous congregation stay.

For all the way of righteous men,
O Lord our God, is known to Thee:
But, as for the ungodly man,
His way shall perish utterly!

ANOTHER VERSION.

A PARAPHRASE.

BLESSÈD, ah, yes! thrice blessèd he
Who walks in his integrity
In all God's perfect ways!
His soul, by Him supremely blest,
Calmly in His great love shall rest,
And show forth all His praise!

No wicked counsel moves his heart;
From sinful ways he stands apart,
And scorns the scorner's seat.
In God's great law, his sure delight,
His meditation day and night,
Than honey is more sweet.

And thus, as some wide-spreading tree
Its fruit in rich maturity
Yields by the water-side,—
So, with unfading leaf, shall he
Prosper in all things gloriously,
And fruitfully abide.

Yet, ah! the ungodly are not so,
But as the chaff driven to and fro
With rigour pitiless:
They in the judgment shall not stand,
Nor sinners in that holy band
Whose life is righteousness.

For all the ways, through every stage,
Of righteous men in every age,
Are known, O Lord, to Thee;
Thou orderest them: but Thou hast said,
The way that the ungodly tread
Shall perish utterly!

"GOD MY EXCEEDING JOY."

PSALM xliii. 4.

SING, sing, ye happy people!
'Tis your well-loved employ!
Sing to the great Jehovah,
Your hearts' Exceeding Joy!

For, is He not your Father,
E'en though the Lord Most High?
Oh, with exceeding joy, then,
My Father humbly cry![1]

For, with a love unfailing,[2]
Through everlasting years,[3]
Our Father-God hath loved us,[4]
Despite our sins and fears![5]

Around our lowly dwelling
His angel-guards encamp;[6]
His love-lit Word is ever,
Through time's dark night, our lamp.[7]

We follow where He leads us,
Assured of victory:[8]
His Everlasting Arms,[9] too,
Are round us constantly!

[1] Ps. lxxxiii. 26. [2] Jer. xxxi. 8. [3] Ps. ciii. 17. [4] Ps. ciii. 13. [5] Jer. xiv. 7–9.
[6] Ps. xxxiv. 7. [7] Ps. cxix. 105. [8] 2 Cor. ii. 14. [9] Deut. xxxiii. 27.

By day, by night, still near us,[1]
None can our peace destroy!
He is then (who can wonder?)
Our hearts' Exceeding Joy!

But yet still dearer is He
Through His belovèd Son,
By Whom, o'er sin and Satan,
The victory was won![2]

E'en when, the Cross beholding,
We see the God-man die,
Rays of exceeding gladness
Illume the sunless sky!

Enshrouded, yet outbeaming,
The SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS,[3]
With glorious wealth of healing
Shall all the nations bless!

Then sing, ye happy children!
'Tis your well-loved employ!
Sing to your glorious *Saviour*,—
Your hearts' Exceeding Joy!

The Way[4] to God the Father,
We now with Him are one,[5]
In that mysterious union
Of Father, Spirit, Son!—

And, thus divine in nature,[6]
A more than royal host,—
Are filled with joy exceeding,[7]
Joy in the Holy Ghost![8]

[1] Ps. cxxxix. 1–4. [2] Col. ii. 15. [3] Mal. iv. 2. [4] St John xiv. 6. [5] St John xvii. 21.
[6] 2 St Peter i. 4. [7] 1 St Peter iv. 13. [8] Rom. xiv. 17.

Oh, joy, all joys surpassing!
Unspeakable,[1] supreme!
Fulness of joy, that sparkles
In Heaven's perennial stream![2]

To us, though all unworthy,
That river floweth down,
With God's transcendent gladness
Our life's brief day to crown!

Deep, ah, *how* deep! the current
That in us sweetly flows,—
How bright, how calm, how fruitful,
None but our Father knows!

Thus we rejoice, believing,[3]—
Our bliss hath no alloy,—
In Father, Son, and Spirit,
Our hearts' Exceeding Joy!

[1] 1 St Peter i. 8. [2] Ps. xvi. 11. [3] 1 St Peter i. 8.

THE HARVEST OF LIGHT AND GLADNESS.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—PSALM xcvii. 11.

THEN let the righteous be glad,
And let them merrily sing!
Their hearts no more shall be sad,
For 'tis the voice of their King,—
"Let there be light!"

Oppressed by sorrow and care,
By turmoil, sighing, and fears;
Oft have I uttered the prayer,
As moments flew into years,
"Let there be light!"

And yet the light had been sown!
The seed was still in my heart!
Then wherefore had it not grown?
The Word was dwelling apart—
"Let there be light!"

Dwelling in darkness alone;
Waiting the power of *faith*,
Fulness of joy to make known;
While grace, in potency, saith,
"Let there be light!"

Yes! light, upspringing, shall bear
  To faith a harvest of love,
Of gladness, of freedom from care,—
  When speaks the Voice from above,
    "*Let there be light!*"

Let there be light all the day!
  Let there be light through the night!
Let there be light all the way!
  Till faith dissolve into sight,—
    "*Let there be light!*"

Yea, Lord! oh, *let* there be light!
  My soul is weary of gloom!
In *all* things; waxing more bright;—
  And, as I enter the tomb,
    "*Let there be light!*"

Soon shall the seven-fold light
  Unveil the ways of the Lord,
Whose judgments *always* are right,—
  Who *always* speaketh the word,
    "*Let there be light!*"

Then let the righteous be glad,
  And let them merrily sing!
Their hearts no more shall be sad,
  For, at the voice of their King,
    There shall ALWAYS *be light!*

PSALM C.

MAKE to the Lord your God, ye lands,
A noise,—a joyful singing,—make!
With gladness serve Him; yea, with songs
Your way before His Presence take!

Know ye the Lord, that He is God!
'Tis He hath made us, and not we:
His people,—of His pasture, too,
The sheep,—we are eternally!

Enter His gates with thankfulness;
His courts with praises come before:
Yea, be ye *thankful* to the Lord,
And bless His Name for evermore!

The Lord is good: His mercy is
To everlasting ages sure:
Through all the generations, too,
The truth of God shall yet endure!

ANOTHER VERSION.

O ALL ye lands, be joyful
Before the Lord your King:
Serve Him each day with gladness,
And in His presence sing!

Know that Jehovah made us,—
Not *we;*—for He is God!
We are His sheep, His people;—
His pasture our abode.

Oh, enter with thanksgiving
His gates,—His courts with praise!
Be thankful to Jehovah,
And bless His name always!

For God, the Lord, is gracious,—
His mercy ever sure;
And to all generations
His truth shall yet endure!

ANOTHER VERSION.

A PARAPHRASE.

Ye lands, upraise, with one accord,
Your joyful anthems to the Lord!
Serve Him with gladness in the throng
Who come before Him with a song!

The Lord is God: know, and be still:
He made us, and not human skill:
We are His people, and the sheep
Whom in His pasture He will keep.

Enter His gates with thankfulness;
Approach His courts His name to bless!
With thankful songs of willing praise
Proclaim His love through endless days!

For He, the Lord our God, is good;
His mercy hath for ages stood:
And, to all generations sure,
His truth shall evermore endure!

"ABBA, FATHER."

"Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, *Abba, Father.*"—GAL. iv. 6.

ABBA, FATHER, God of love,
Throned in majesty above:
Can it be that *I* may call
Thee my "Father," Lord of all?

Abba, Father! Name unsung
Even by archangel-tongue,—
Blending God and man in one,—
Tells of our true life begun!

God my *Father!* Life *in* God!
Path of life by Jesus trod!
Life *of* God,—oh! wondrous thought,
With unheard of blessings fraught!

Abba, Father! "Son divine,"—
"Heir of God!" Can this be mine?
I, a child of sin and shame,
May *I* use this glorious Name?

Then, my Father, let me be
Thus supremely born of Thee!
That each moment, day by day,
I may "Abba, Father," say!

Thee my Father"! Oh, what joy!
What can now my life destroy?
"One" (oh, mystic word!) with Thee!
Thine to all eternity!

Abba, Father! Speak the word,
"Thou art Mine!"—a love unheard!
I am Thine, and Thou art mine!
I a sinner,—*Thou* divine!

Yea, my Father! I believe
All this mercy to receive!
Oh, the bliss my faith has won—
To be called,—to *be*,—Thy "son"!

O my Father! Draw me near,
Filled with reverential fear!
Ever nearer still to Thee,
Yet in deep humility!

Be my Refuge,—be my Guide;
Shafts of evil turn aside;
Teach me all Thy sacred will:
With Thyself my spirit fill!

Abba, Father! I would be
Perfectly conformed to Thee:
Bear Thine Image, tell Thy love,
Till I see Thy Face above!

Then, my Father, all my days
I shall brightly show Thy praise!
Shining only in Thy light,
I shall live but in Thy sight!

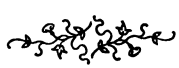
Then, too, Father, taught of Thee,
Life no more a mystery,—
For Thy love enlightens all,—
I shall calmly wait Thy call!

"Abba, Father"! then, I cry,—
Oh, what bliss to feel Thee nigh!
Holy Father! none shall dare
Now with Thee my heart to share!

Thou wilt call me Home at last,
School days here for ever past!
Joy unknown shall fill my heart,
Then to see Thee as Thou art!

O my Father, here awhile
Clouds *will* intercept Thy smile:
There, through one bright, happy day,
Thou wilt *all* Thy love display!

"Abba, Father"! Name unsung,
Even by archangel-tongue,
Then my grateful theme shall be,
Lasting as eternity!



"MY KEEPER."

"The Lord is thy Keeper."—PSALM CXXI. 5.

"KEPT by the power of God:"[1]
Christian! believing this,
Thy very thoughts and words
Will breathe the force of His!

"Too high for erring man"?
Yet not too high for *God!*
No stumbling if His Word[2]
Were but thy Staff and Rod!

Come, let us view the breadth
Of all this mighty thought!
"*Kept by the power of God,*"—
A power by *faith* inwrought![3]

Hast thou but slender *power?*
Then hast thou slender *faith;*
Thou hast not yet believed
All that Jehovah saith!

His *every word* is true!
Stretch forth thy withered hand!
Believe the power in *Him,*—
Nothing shall thee withstand!

[1] 1 St Peter i. 5. [2] St Jude 24. [3] 1 St Peter i. 5.

God shall fulfil His word,—
Only in *faith* be strong!
"Kept by the power of God"
Shall then be all thy song!

Kept in thy going out,[1]—
Thy footstep shall not slide;[2]
Kept in thy coming in,—
Thou shalt in Him abide![3]

Kept in thy secret thoughts,—
For these are captive led;[4]
Kept in thy words and deeds,—
Protected, clothed, and fed.

Unspotted from the world;[5]
Kept from the tempter's power;[6]
Kept from presumptuous sins,[7]
Safe in life's darkest hour.

Foes, touching *thee*, shall touch
"The Apple of God's Eye"![8]
Afflicted in thy griefs,[9]
He will be always nigh.[10]

Around thee is a hedge,[11]
Planted by His Right Hand;
And, guarding all thy ways,
A chosen angel-band![12]

"Not shortened is the arm"[13]
Of Him who Israel keeps!
Jehovah wearies not:
He "slumbers not, nor sleeps!"[14]

[1] Ps. xvii. 5. [2] Ps. xxxvii. 31. [3] 1 St John ii. 27. [4] 2 Cor. ii. 5. [5] St James i. 27.
[6] Rev. iii. 10. [7] Ps. xix. 13. [8] Zech. ii. 8. [9] Isa. lxiii. 9. [10] St Matt. xxviii. 20.
[11] Job i. 10. [12] Heb. i. 14. [13] Isa. lix. 1. [14] Ps. cxxi. 3.

To all His chosen ones
A Shield[1] and a Defence,[2]
A Buckler,[3] Fortress,[4] Rock,[5]
Till He shall call them hence:

What can their hearts desire
More than His sovereign Might?
A word,—a look,—from Him,
And foes recoil in flight!

Then boldly let them rest
Beneath his guardian care;
His wakeful Eye shall warn
Of every hurtful snare.

Thus, kept in perfect peace,[6]—
The peace of God,[7]—they rest,
'Mid wars and tumults safe,
Supremely, *ever*, blest.

Be Thou *my* Keeper, Lord!
Each day new peril brings:
Helpless, I flee to hide
Beneath Thy sheltering Wings![8]

Oh, *keep* me, Lord, that I
May live and work for Thee;
Then shall I sing Thy power
To all eternity!

[1] Ps. lxxxiv. 11. [2] Ps. lix. 16. [3] Ps. xviii. 2. [4] Ps. xxxi. 3. [5] Ps. xxviii. 1.
[6] Isa. xxvi. 3. [7] Phil. iv. 7. [8] Ps. lxiii. 7.

PSALM XXIV.

THE earth is the Lord's and its fulness,
The world and the dwellers therein.
Its home on the seas He hath founded,
And throned it the billows within.

Ah! who shall ascend to Thy hill, Lord?
Or stand in Thy holiest place?
The man of clean hands who is heart-pure,
Not vain, nor deceitfully base.

'Tis he shall receive the Lord's blessing,
God's righteousness now shall be his!
Lo! the generation that seek Him,
That seek thy God, Jacob, is this!

Your heads, O ye gates, be uplifted,—
Yea, now to uplift them begin!
Be uplift ye doors everlasting:
Your glorious King shall come in!

But who is this King of high glory?
Jehovah, our great Conqueror!
The Lord, yea, the Lord strong and mighty,—
The Lord who is mighty in war!

Your heads, O ye gates, be uplifted,—
  Yea, now to uplift them begin!
Be uplift, ye doors everlasting,—
  Your glorious King shall come in!

But who is this King of high glory?
  Yet, who but the LORD should we sing?—
The Lord, e'en the mighty Jehovah,—
  Jehovah of Hosts is the King!

THE "PRECIOUS PROMISES."

"Exceeding great and precious promises."—2 St Peter i. 4.

Oh, who is like the Christian?
For he is weak, yet strong![1]
Though poor, he yet hath riches,[2]—
To him all things belong![3]

For, is not God his Father,—
His Brother, Christ the Lord,[4]—
His Guide, the Holy Spirit,[5]—
And heaven his great reward?

Then who is like the Christian?
And who so rich as he?
What though he be an outcast,
O'erwhelmed in poverty?

What though in deep affliction,—
And darkness round him close?
What though he be forsaken,
And friends be changed to foes?

All this he counts as nothing,[6]—
Yea, welcomes it as joy![7]
To sing amid the furnace
His strange, but sweet, employ!

[1] 2 Cor. xii. 10. [2] St Luke xvi. 11. [3] 1 Cor. iii. 22. [4] St John xx. 17; Heb. ii. 17. [5] St John xvi. 13. [6] Phil. iii. 7, 8. [7] St James i. 2.

Then who is like the Christian,—
His life a mystery;
Pain but a *light affliction;*[1]
And service *liberty!*[2]

Ah! wouldst thou know the secret?
Then gain it from the Lord!
Gain it in swift believing
His precious, living Word!

Is He indeed thy Father?
Oh, trust Him utterly!
And then how *true* His promise
He soon will prove to thee!

For, in no stinted measure,
Our Father's love is shown!
"Exceeding great and precious"
His *promises* alone!

Then what is their *fulfilment?*
Surpassing human thought!
To *realise* how "precious"
Is by the Spirit taught.

"Great"? Yea, beyond conception![3]
Greater than all our needs,—
Great as the love that spake them,
Which angel thought exceeds!

Exceeding great, then, truly,
The promise as the love,
And as exceeding *precious*
Each word of God shall prove!

[1] 2 Cor. iv. 17. [2] 1 St Peter ii. 16; Gal. v. 1. [3] Eph. iii. 20.

Precious in all our gladness,—
  Prismatic light of faith:
And, oh! exceeding precious
  In the dark vale of death!

Their loving arms encompass
  Time's brief, uncertain span;
They satisfy the longings,
  The deepest wants, of man!

"Lo! I am with you alway"
  Bears, intertwined, the rest!
That Presence makes the Christian
  Supremely, *ever*, blest!

In life, with all its trials;
  In death, with all its pangs;
His soul, in joy or sadness,
  Upon the promise hangs:

The Word of the Unchanging,
  The Great, the Mighty, God,—
In *life* his near salvation,[1]
  In *death* his staff and rod!

Look up, then, timid Christians,
  And in that Word be strong;
For God, in all His fulness,[2]—
  All things,—to you belong![3]

"All things are yours": things *present*,
  And things *to come* are yours!
And, both in earth and heaven,
  That word for aye endures![4]

[1] 1 St John ii. 14. [2] Eph. iii. 19. [3] 1 Cor. iii. 22. [4] Ps. cxix. 89.

Then not a shade of sadness
Across your spirit glide;
For, is not God your Father?
Then in His love confide!

For He will ne'er forsake us:—
That promise is for *you*,
"Exceeding great and precious,"—
To endless ages true!

PSALM CVII.

THE LORD is good, O give Him thanks,—
His mercy lasts for aye;
The Lord is good, O give Him thanks,
Let His redeemed ones say!

From distant lands He gathered them,
From east, north, south, and west;
Redeemed when by the enemy
They sorely were opprest.

They wandered in the wilderness,
A solitary way;
Hungry, and faint with thirst, they found
No city where to stay.

'Twas *then* they cried: Jehovah heard;
And saved them from distress;
He led them forth aright, to go
Their city to possess!

O, then, let all men praise the Lord,—
His goodness sing again:
His works, indeed, are wonderful
To all the sons of men!

He satisfies the longing soul,
The hungry soul with good;
And such as in the darkness sit,
And in death's shadow brood:

Because against the words of God
Ofttimes they have rebelled,—
The Most High's counsel have contemned,—
Thus in affliction held.

And therefore He their stubborn heart
Brought down with heaviness:
They fell; and there was none to help
Their souls in their distress.

'Twas *then* they cried: Jehovah heard;
And saved them from distress:
He brought them forth from death, and brake
Their bands of wickedness!

O, then, let all men praise the Lord,—
His goodness sing again:
His works, indeed, are wonderful
To all the sons of men!

For He hath broken gates of brass,
The iron bars hath torn:
Because of their transgression, fools
In deep affliction mourn.

Because of their iniquities
In woeful state they lie:
Their soul abhors all kinds of meat,—
They to death's gates draw nigh!

'Tis *then* they cry: Jehovah hears;
And saves them from distress!
He sent His word, and healing them,
Removed their wretchedness!

O, then, let all men praise the Lord,—
His goodness sing again!
His works, indeed, are wonderful
To all the sons of men!

And let them ever sacrifice
The sacrifice of praise;
And still declare His wondrous works,
Rejoicing all their days!

Now they that to the sea go down,
Where the great waters sleep;
These see the workings of the Lord,
His wonders in the deep!

For He commandeth, and the wind,
Which lifteth up the waves,
He raiseth. To the heaven they mount;
Then sink to deepest caves.

Their soul, because of trouble, melts;
And, reeling to and fro,
Staggering like a drunken man,
At their wits' end they go.

'Tis *then* they cry: Jehovah hears;
And saves them from distress:
He calms the storm; then are they glad,
As haven-ward they press!

O, then, let all men praise the Lord,—
  His goodness sing again!
His works, indeed, are wonderful
  To all the sons of men!

And now, ye congregation all,
  Exalt Jehovah's name!
Ye elders, in assembly met,
  Extol His glorious fame!

For rivers to a wilderness,—
  Dry ground from water-springs,—
To barrenness, because of sin,
  A fruitful land,—He brings!

A standing water, too, He makes
  Where spread a wilderness!
He sends the gushing water-springs
  A thirsty land to bless!

And there He makes the hungry dwell,
  A city to prepare,
To sow their lands, and vineyards plant,
  Which fruits of increase bear.

And so He blesseth them that they
  Are greatly multiplied;
Their herds of cattle to decrease
  He suffereth not, beside.

In sorrow, minished and brought low,
  Afflicted and oppressed;
On princes now He pours contempt,
  Who are, in turn, distressed.

Yet setteth He the poor on high,
From their deep misery;
And like unto a flock He makes
Their families to be!

This shall the righteous people see,
And in it shall rejoice;
The mouth of all iniquity
Shall thenceforth stop her voice.

Whoso is wise and will observe
These works of His Right Hand,
The loving-kindness of the Lord
E'en they shall understand!

"ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD."

"Whether . . . . ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do *all to the glory of God.*"—1 Cor. x. 31.

Oh, *can* I do, this, Lord?
The saying is too hard!
That *every* deed and word
To Thee should have regard!

How searching Thy command!
Probing yet deeper still,
It fathoms the abyss
Of *motive* and of *will!*

What mortal vigilance,
What mortal power, can shield
The heart from subtle foes
From all but Thee concealed?

And *one* most subtle foe,—
Self,—tracks me night and day;
In all my solemn thoughts,
And even when I pray!

O Lord, the power is Thine,
For *mine*, indeed, is vain!
Seize *Thou* this foe, my God,
And come, in might, to reign!

Then shall I think of Thee
In all I say or do;
Thy love shall be my guide,
And all my glory, too!

To think of pleasing Thee,
Of showing forth Thy praise,—
To know no will but Thine,
Through all my earthly days;

And all my words and looks,
My deeds, both small and great,—
To bear Thine impress, Lord,
My life I consecrate!

But only *Thou* canst make
The offering complete:
Breathe, then, Thy Spirit, Lord,
And bring me to Thy feet!

Through all my nature shed,—
That Spirit shall me raise
Till my whole life shall be
Made vocal with Thy praise!

'Tis thus, Lord, I would live,—
Thinking of Thee alone!
All self and sin cast out,—
My vaunting will o'erthrown!

Then may I ever be
Perfect in lowliness!
Exalting Thee, my life
Shall only Thee express!

Thus, *whatsoe'er* I do,—
In meanest act or word,—
I shall, with joy, reflect
Thy glory, blessed Lord!

PSALM XCI.

He that now dwells within the secret place of God Most High
Beneath the Almighty's shadow shall abide.
"He is my Refuge and my Fortress," I will say of Him:
"He is my God: in Him will I confide."

He surely from the fowler's snare shall now deliver thee,
And also from the noisome pestilence.
E'en with His feathers shall He cover thee; His wings thy trust
Shall be: His truth thy buckler and defence.

Of any terror, now, by night thou shalt not be afraid,
Nor for the arrow flying swift by day;
The pestilence that walks in darkness shall not cause thee fear;
Nor thee shall noon-tide wasting scourge dismay!

A thousand at thy side,—at thy right hand ten thousand more,—
Shall fall; but it shall not come nigh to thee.
Yea, they shall fall; but, only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,
And the reward of the ungodly see!

Seeing that thou hast made the Lord, which is my Refuge, e'en
The Most High God, thy habitation sure,
The dreaded storms of evil shall no more befall thee now,—
From every plague thy dwelling is secure.

For He shall ever give His angels charge concerning thee,
That they, in all thy ways, may keep His own.
Where'er thou goest, they shall bear thee safely in their hands,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.

Yea, thou shalt tread the lion and the adder 'neath thy feet;
Trampling the dragon and young lion down!
"Because upon me he hath set His love,"—thus saith the Lord,—
"His life with My deliverance I will crown:

"Because he thus hath known My name, him will I set on high.
"He, too, shall call on Me and I will hear:
"I will both save and honour him; with long life satisfy;
"And My salvation shall to him appear!"

THE PRAYER OF THE CHILD OF GOD.

"Jesus called a *little child* unto Him . . . . and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as *little children*, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."—ST MATT. xviii. 2, 3.

"Because ye are *sons*, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, *Abba, Father.*"—GAL. iv. 6.

The Child from Home.

MY *Father in Heaven!* In deep reverence I bend;
I am but a sinner,—yet Thou art my Friend!
My *Friend*, O my God! Yea, my *Father* art Thou:
Thus taught by my Saviour, before Thee I bow!

Look down from Thy Home at the voice of Thy child,
Who cries to Thee, roaming earth's desolate wild:
An exile, I cherish sweet thoughts of that Home,—
Preventing the dawn till Thou biddest me "Come!"

Yes! Thou art my *Father*,—hast sealed me Thine own,—
Hast sent forth Thy Spirit to call me Thy son;
And, like as a father, in fulness of love,
Art guiding me safe to the mansions above!

The Child's Reverence.

Thy Name, blessed Father, *be hallowed* each day,—
For doth it not marvellous kindness convey?
"Jehovah, my *Father!*" Ineffable grace!
Oh, naught from my heart that sweet Name shall efface!

I treasure with joy the high truth it makes known:
Thy great loving-kindness I reverently own:
I pray, gracious Father, that all men adore
That Name, in their hearts and their lives, evermore!

The Child's Yearning.

Oh, wilt Thou not hasten that glorious day,
When far distant realms shall acknowledge Thy sway?
I long to be with Thee,—I yearn for my Home:
Then, Father, I pray that *Thy kingdom* may *come!*

Make known to the nations Thy wonderful Name,—
Let all be Thy sons: then, with loudest acclaim,
Extolling Thy love, shall they swiftly arise
To welcome its coming with rapturous cries!

The Child's Submission.

Thou tarriest,—and often becloudest my days;
Thy purpose a secret,—Thou hidest Thy ways;
Yet, Father, I know that Thou lovest Thy son,
And, therefore, I pray that *Thy will* may *be done!*

Thy will I would know,—and Thy will I would do,—
My safeguard, my guide, yea, my happiness, too:
In joy and in sorrow, *Thy will*, then, *be done*,
Till *self* be o'erthrown, and life's victory won!

The Child Trusting.

My Father, I need to be clothed, to be fed;
And hast Thou not promised me water and bread?*
I ask not for riches,—I seek but to live
Contented, and trustful for what Thou wilt give!

* Isa. xxxiii. 16.

The morrow is Thine,—all its trials and cares;
Each gladness, each sorrow, Thy wisdom prepares:
Then, Father, I lovingly, trustfully say,
O *give me* the *bread* that is needful, *this day!*

The Child's Penitence.

And since, blessed Father, I constantly err,
And oft Thy displeasure, through frailty, incur:
Forgive me, I pray Thee, as *I*, too, forgive,
And teach me in watchful dependance to live!

Since, too, *Thy* forgiveness dependeth on *mine*,
O teach me the power of forgiveness divine:
My *brother's* offence be entombed in the sea,—
Thy flood-gates of love shall then open to *me!*

The Child in Danger.

Swift peril doth often my spirit affright,
For evil surrounds me by day and by night:
In safety Thou leadest,—*I* know not the best,—
But soon Thou wilt bring me safe home to my rest:

Yet, Father, in lowliness, might I but say,
O lead me not into temptation this day!
Deliver from evil Thy child! Thou wilt hear,
Wilt nerve me with courage, and banish my fear!

The Child's Delight in His Father.

For Thine is the Kingdom, my Father! Thy reign
Extends to creation's remotest domain!
And regions, of infinite grandeur, unknown,
The sway of Thy sceptre rejoicingly own!

Thy *power* sustains them! For Thee they exist!
All worlds, in their splendour, to praise Thee assist!
"The *glory is Thine*," they unitedly sing,—
"Our Creator, Preserver, and glorious King!"

Yet is there a Name that is far dearer still:
Unknown to archangels, its wonderful thrill
Exciteth in *me*, as "My *Father*" I say,
Unspeakable joy on my Heavenward way!

I breathe that sweet Name in the gray morning light,
And when o'er me gather the shadows of night:
From morn until evening "*My Father*" I say;—
The thought is my strength and my gladness all day!

And thus I am singing of *Father* and *Home*,
As, childlike, I trust Him, wherever I roam!
My Home is in Heaven,—my Father is there,—
But Heaven cometh near as I whisper this prayer!

For ever and ever, then, Father Divine,
The kingdom, the power, and the glory is Thine!
For ever and ever, too, I am Thy child,
And soon I shall quit this earth's desolate wild!

The House of my Father, the Home of my love,
I sing of, and set my affections above!
"No place like my Home, and no Father like Thee!
"I long all its splendour,—Thy glory,—to see!"

O come, Holy Father, and bless me, Thy child!
Smile on me this day as Thou often hast smiled!
I love Thee,—Thou knowest!—Thy "son" and Thy "heir,"
My joy is to breathe Thy Name,—*Father*,—in prayer!

I wait to know Thy mind,
  Before I act or speak:
Thy wisdom is my strength,—
  And this I humbly seek.

I wait to feel Thee near,—
  Nearer each passing hour:
I wait to *see* Thee, Lord,
  Descend in all Thy power!

Reveal Thyself, O God!
  Come as the gentle wind!
Baptize my heart with fire!
  Illuminate my mind!

Make me a vessel, meet
  For Thy blest service, Lord!
And, every day and hour,
  Obedient to Thy Word!

A consecrated life,—
  Fruitful in holiness:
'Tis for *this* boon I wait,—
  Thou wilt not give me less!

O Lord, make haste to help
  Thy prayerful, trusting child!
Mine eyes prevent the dawn*
  Till on me Thou hast smiled!

And, through the live-long day,
  I listen for Thy voice:
Speak now, Lord! Even *now!*
  And bid my heart rejoice!

* Ps. cxix. 147.

I cannot *live*, without
The shining of Thy face;
I cannot *work*, unless
I have Thy constant grace!

I plead Thy promises,
The merits of Thy Son:
Nor will I cease to plead
Until my suit is won!

Morning, and noon, and night;
Before the break of day;
In all my ways and work,—
Lord, I will watch and pray!

For this I know,—Thy love,
My prayer accepting, may,
At any moment, send
Thy child in peace away!

Away,—but *near* Thee still!
Still upon Thee to wait!
To draw my life from Thee,
Till Thou shalt me translate:

Translate to realms of joy,
But *still* to wait on Thee:
To serve Thee, without sin,
Throughout eternity!

I, then, will *ever* wait,—
For Thou art *ever* nigh;
And, if Thou tarriest, Lord,
Thou wilt not me deny!

PSALM CIII.

Bless thou the Lord, my soul! Bless thou the Lord!
O bless,—yea, all that is within me,—now
His Holy Name! O bless the Lord, my soul;
And all His benefits forget not thou!

For He all thy iniquities forgives;
Heals thy diseases; from destruction He
Redeems thy life; with loving-kindness, too,
And with His tender mercies, crowneth thee!

'Tis He who satisfies thy mouth with good;
Yea, as an eagle's, He renews thy youth.
The Lord our God, for all that are oppressed,
Doth execute His righteousness in truth.

To Moses He made known His sovereign ways,—
To Israel His acts. The Lord is thus
A gracious God; and He is merciful;
Yea, slow to wrath,—in mercy plenteous.

So merciful, He will not always chide;
Neither His anger will He ever keep.
After our sins He hath not dealt; nor made
Us our iniquities' reward to reap.

For, as the heaven is high above the earth,
  So great His mercy all who fear Him prove;
As distant as the east is from the west,
  So far doth He our sins from us remove.

A father pitieth his children: so
  The Lord doth pity all who fear His name:
For He remembereth that we are but dust,—
  He,—our Creator,—knoweth well our frame.

Yea, as for man, his days are as the grass;
  A field-flower: so he flourisheth amain;
The wind e'en passeth o'er it,—it is gone,—
  The place thereof shall know it not again!

From everlasting is, for evermore,
  The mercy of the Lord on them that fear,—
That fear His Name; and all His righteousness
  To children's children is for ever near!

Yea, e'en to such as keep His covenant,
  And His commands remember to fulfil!
Jehovah hath prepared His throne in heaven,
  And over all His kingdom ruleth still.

Ye angels, that excel in strength, arise
  And bless the Lord, the Lord your God!
O bless Him ye that, hearkening to His voice,
  Have in the way of His commandments trod!

Yea, bless the Lord, ye hosts,—ye ministers,—
  That do His pleasure! All His works, record
His praise, and bless the Lord, where'er He reigns!
  O bless the Lord, my soul,—bless thou the Lord!

"SWEETER THAN HONEY."

"The judgments of the Lord . . . . are *sweeter than honey* and the honey-comb."—PSALM xix. 9, 10.

OH, sweeter than honey, yea, sweeter by far,
The Precepts, the Doctrines, the Promises, are!
As life-giving Bread, and as Manna divine,
Than honey more sweet,—for why? They are *mine!*

Then, sweeter than honey, ah! well may they be:
A Covenant, a Charter,—though written for *me*,
The Heir-looms of all the true children of God,—
My birthright in Jesus, procured by His blood!

Once, "sweeter than honey" I fervently cried,
As hope seemed to vanish, and faith to have died;—
The Word of the Lord put my sorrows to flight,
By whispering the Promise of Even-tide Light!

Yes! sweeter than honey! Ah, yes, when I heard,—
(Hast *thou* ever tasted this power of the Word,—
From bondage to Satan thy Saviour's release?)
The voice of forgiveness that heralded peace!

Then sweeter than honey, my life, the day long,
A carillon, chimed, "Yea, sweeter than song!
"Than honey-comb sweeter! How sweet is the Word!
"Yea, sweeter than *life* is the Law of the Lord!"

'Tis sweeter than honey,—my constant delight!
'Tis daily my comfort,—my "song in the night"!
A foretaste of still greater sweetness in store,—
I love all its wonderful things to explore!

'Tis sweeter than honey,—the sweetness of *love*,—
To draw me still nearer the glory above!
Oh! could I but tell thee *how* sweet is the Word,—
Revealing the Heart and the Mind of the Lord!

'Tis sweeter than honey, in sickness, in health;
In toil and in rest; both in want and in wealth;
Yes! sweeter than honey in concord, in strife;
In sorrow, in gladness; in death as in life!

Then, "sweeter than honey," oh, marvellous Word:
Thy praise will I sing, till, in gladness unheard,
Men welcome thy Doctrines,—thy Precepts make known,—
Thy Promises, too, in their sweetness shall own!

PSALM XLII.

My thirsty soul for Thee, O God, is panting,
As for the water-brooks the hart doth yearn!
My soul is panting, yea, for God is thirsting,
And Him,—the living God,—would fain discern!

Oh, when shall I, within His courts appearing,
Come yet again the Lord my God before?
My meat, by day, my tears have been, and nightly;
While they "Where is thy God?" say evermore!

I pour my soul out when I this remember:
For with the multitude I took my way;
Unto God's House I went, with voice of praising,
And with a multitude kept holy day.

O why art thou, my soul, cast down within me?
And why art thou disquieted in vain?
Hope thou in God; for I, e'en yet, shall praise Him,
For help that from His countenance I gain.

My soul is, O my God, cast down within me:
Therefore, O Lord, will I remember Thee,
E'en from the land of Jordan and of Hermon:
From Mizar, too, shall my remembrance be!

Deep calls to deep, Thy waterspouts resounding:
  Thy waves and billows are gone over me!
Yet will the Lord by day His loving-kindness
  Command: His song by night shall with me be!

God of my life! To Thee shall be my prayer!
  And I, O God my Rock, will say to Thee,—
"Wherefore hast Thou forgotten me? Why mourn I
  "For the oppression of the enemy?

"As with a sword within my bones, oppressing,
  "Mine enemies reproach me; while each day,—
"As with a sword within my bones, reproaching,—
  "They to me 'Where is now thy God?' yet say!"

O why art thou cast down, my soul? And wherefore
  Art thou disquieted in me? In God
Hope thou! He is my Health,—I yet shall praise Him!—
  Health of my countenance,—and He my God!

"ENRICHED IN EVERYTHING."

The Prodigal's Restoration.

THE NARRATIVE: "*Far off*"[1]—"alienated,—an enemy,"—by reason of "wicked works,"[2]—"dead in trespasses and sins . . . . a child of wrath:"[3]—"*made nigh* by the Blood of Christ,"[4]—"reconciled,"[5]—"all trespasses forgiven,"[6]—"accepted in the Beloved,"[7]—adopted[8] into the family of God,—clothed with the righteousness of God in Christ,[9]—made an "heir of God and a joint-heir through Christ,"[10]—filled with joy,[11] peace,[12] love,[13] and a hope[14] both sure and stedfast,[15] of a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory:"[16] thus "*enriched in everything . . . . by the* EXCEEDING GRACE OF GOD."[17]

"Lost!"

AN orphan, I traversed the earth,
Neglected, friendless, alone;
In poverty, want, and distress,—
To every wickedness prone!

An outcast, I fought in the ranks
Of sin, the devil, the world;
And thus to the uttermost depths
Of hopeless thraldom was hurled!

Enfettered,—a prey to remorse,—
I cried, in agony, "*Lost!*"
"*Not* lost," said a sweet, gentle voice,
As, flung on a fire-bed, I tossed.

[1] Eph. ii. 13. [2] Col. i. 21. [3] Eph. ii. 1–3. [4] Eph. ii. 13. [5] Col. i. 21.
[6] Col. ii. 13. [7] Eph. i. 6. [8] Gal. iv. 5. [9] 2 Cor. v. 21. [10] Gal. iv. 7.
[11] Rom. xv. 13. [12] Phil. iv. 7. [13] Rom. v. 5. [14] Rom, xv. 13. [15] Heb. vi. 19.
[16] 2 Cor. iv. 17. [17] 2 Cor. ix. 11.

"'*Not* lost!' Oh! the withering deceit
"That mocks my desolate plight!"
"*Not* lost!" was again the sweet word
That broke the spell of my night!

"Found!"

"Awake and arise!"—I obeyed,
With trembling heart, the command:
I followed, as bidden, the Voice,
And grasped the ministering Hand!

'Twas the Voice, the Hand, of the Lord!
He bade me "Fear not; be still"!
He heard my unspoken heart-cry,—
He answered swiftly, "*I will!*"

He cleansed me, and clothed me in white;
He took me home to His Heart;
Then stooped,—(unutterable love!)—
The kiss of peace to impart!

He spoke of His fulness of wealth,
Assured me now it was *mine;*
And, "all things are yours," He declared,—
"Sealed by a promise divine!"

"A Son,—an Heir!"

Oh, wondrous endowment of love,—
A rebel outcast to own;—
To invest him with rank as a son,—
And make him heir to a throne!

Thy "son," and *Thy* "heir," O my God!
Thought fails and language is dumb!
A child of perdition Thy *son*,—
Heir of Thy *throne* to become!

Oh, sovereign, ineffable love,—
  Mystery from angels concealed!
I bow, in a rapture of joy,
  And pray, Thyself, Lord, reveal!

Thyself, in Thy fulness of *love*,—
  "Riches in glory" untold;
Thyself, in Thy splendour of grace,—
  A grace more precious than gold.

Oh, hide not Thyself, blessed Lord!
  Nor stay Thy bountiful Hand!
Thyself, in Thy fulness of life,
  I would, e'en *now*, understand!

"Exceeding Riches!"

Thy *promise*, exceedingly great,
  Transcends my faith's widest range:
Oh, bring it all home to my heart,—
  So vast, so wondrously strange!

If all things are *mine*, even now,—
  Things present, things yet to come,—
I, then, am surpassingly *rich*,—
  No mortal guesseth the sum!

My riches are riches of *faith*,
  And these bring riches of *love;*
Then riches of *wisdom* and *might*,
  Of *knowledge* taught from above!

In *hope*, as in *joy*, I am rich;
  In *peace*, unheard of, profound:
Besides, I have "treasure in *heaven*,"—
  'Tis *there* my riches abound!

Unsearchable riches of Christ![1]
  Riches in glory,[2]—a weight
Of glory,[3]—exceeding,—for aye:—
  Such is my heavenly estate!

A kingdom,—a throne,—and delights
  Unknown,—of mystic degree:
Assurance[4] in fulness declares
  That all are purchased for *me!*

"Love" that "passeth Knowledge!"

For *me*, the lone orphan, the slave!
  For *me*, the outcast, the foe!
Unsearchable love, O my God!
  For ME? Yet, *can* it be so?

Ah! well may this doubt intervene!
  Angels look on in amaze,
That children of wrath[5] should be heirs[6]
  Of Thee, the Ancient of Days![7]

Yet is it all blessedly *true*,—
  A sure, unchangeable, word:
Of which not a tittle shall fail,
  Though change the *works* of the Lord!

I bless Thee,—I praise Thee,—O God!
  Henceforth my life shall be *Thine*,
Since Thou, in Thy fulness of love,
  Art utterly, evermore, *mine!*

I now can do all things[8] through Thee,
  Since all things[9] now are my own!
And *one* shall be ever to praise
  The mercy thus to me shown!

[1] Eph. iii. 8. [2] Phil. iv. 19. [3] 2 Cor. iv. 17. [4] Heb. x. 22. [5] Eph. ii. 3.
[6] Gal. iv. 7. [7] Dan. vii. 9. [8] Phil. iv. 13. [9] 1 Cor. iii. 21.

Then come, let us join in the song!
  Our theme, God's wonderful love,
That found me an outcast, a foe,
  And throned me a sovereign above!

Enriched in that bountiful love,
  With *all* things,—present,—to come,—
I *now*, in its fervency, sing,—
  Oh, could I ever be dumb?

GOD BLESS OUR HOME!

God bless our Home!
To Thee we come,
Our hearts' true love confessing:
Yea, one and all,
Before Thee fall,
And crave our Father's blessing!

God bless our Home!
Where'er we roam
Wilt Thou not go before us?
Is danger near?
We need not fear:
Thy loving Hand is o'er us!

God bless our Home!
When perils loom
May angel-guards defend it!
Such loving care,
From every snare:
Can human thought transcend it?

God bless our Home!
May it become
The vestibule of Heaven!
Joy, peace, and love,
Our hearts shall move,—
Thy Holy Spirit's leaven!

God bless our Home!
We make Thee room:
We long for Thy indwelling!
Let every life,
Reproving strife,
Of Thy deep love be telling!

God bless our Home!
Let *others* roam,
Their spirits veiled in sadness:
Hearts knit in one,
Love's noontide sun
Shall bathe our Home in gladness!

God bless our Home!
Soon we shall come
To *Thy* sweet Home, confessing
Our Father's care
Was everywhere,
And *filled* our Home with blessing!

PSALM XIX.

THE heavens are telling the glory of God;
The work of His Hands the firmament shows;
While day unto day, too, is uttering speech,
And night unto night doth knowledge disclose!

No language nor speech, but their voices are heard!*
And through all the earth their direction hath run;*
Their words, too, are gone to the ends of the world;
A tabernacle there hath He made for the sun!

And, as from his chamber a bridegroom comes forth,
And, like as a giant exults for a race:
So joyeth the sun, through the circuit of heaven;
And nothing is hid from his glorious face!

The law of Jehovah is perfect,—the soul
Converting: His testimony, too, doth impart
To simple folk wisdom;—moreover, is sure:
And right are His statutes, rejoicing the heart!

Enlightening the eyes, His commandment is pure;
His fear, too, is clean, and endureth for aye;
Yea, righteous and true are His judgments in all:
More to be desirèd than gold, too, are they!

* Margin.

Than gold,—yea, much fine gold;—than honey more sweet,
  Than honey-comb, also, the law of the Lord!
And by them, moreover, Thy servant is warned;
  In keeping them, also, how great the reward!

Yet who can his errors, O God, understand?
  O cleanse me from faults that do secretly stain:
Thy servant keep back from presumptuous sins;
  And let them not o'er me dominion obtain!

Then shall I be upright, and innocent, too,
  From the great transgression! And now unto Thee,
O Lord, my Redeemer and Strength, let my words,—
  My heart's meditation,—acceptable be!

ALLELUIAH!

ALLELUIAH! Praise the Lord,—
Christ, by Heavenly hosts adored!
Come, ye saints, make haste to sing
Love's high anthem to our King,—
Alleluiah!

Alleluiah! For He came,—
Shorn of glory,—bore our shame;
Conquered sin, and death destroyed;
Filled with God our hearts' deep void!
Alleluiah!

Alleluiah, then, we raise,
Higher still through all the days!
Breaking forth with morning light,
Thrills the strain at dead of night,—
Alleluiah!

Alleluiah! Who as we
Dare to sing this melody?
Born of God,—our Home on high,—
We may well in rapture cry
Alleluiah!

Alleluiah: secret joy
Welleth up 'mid life's employ,—
Shineth in each look and word;
Loudly sings,—yet oft unheard,—
Alleluiah!

Alleluiah: for it blends
Earth with heaven, and boldness lends
To the spirit's holier flights,—
Presage of unknown delights,—
Alleluiah!

Alleluiah! Hear us, Lord!
Heart and life Thy praise record!
Loving Thee, we can but sing,
As the joyous moments wing,
Alleluiah!

Alleluiah! Soon with Thee
Richer strains, from stammering free,
Shall our grateful hearts upraise,—
Singing yet, through endless days,
Alleluiah!

"DID NOT OUR HEARTS BURN WITHIN US?"

"*Did not our hearts burn within us*, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"—ST LUKE xxiv. 32.

A BURNING heart,—consumed by fervent love,
Yet unconsumed! The fragrant sacrifice
Of thought and will, enkindled from above,—
An offering, Lord, to Thee of countless price!

A burning heart! Oh, mine hath caught the glow!
I bless Thee, Lord, with humble, calm delight!
But yet, alas! my watch-fire burneth low,
Amid the darkness of the world's deep night!

A burning heart: touched with a living coal
From off the heavenly altar, seraph-borne;
To fire with God's own love each faithful soul;
To save the lost,—to comfort them that mourn.

A burning heart,—of joyous, grateful zeal,
Diffusing warmth in loving words and deeds;
Causing a "shining light" that will reveal
Life that "from glory unto glory" leads!

A burning heart! O Lord, that life make known!
Thou art "The Life:" speak Thou the kindling word!
Thyself the Word, oh, talk with me alone!
Be *my* heart, Lord, by sweet communing stirred.

A burning heart! Oh, then, through all my days
A holocaust of love my life shall be,—
Bright emblem of the sweet angelic praise
Laid on Thine Altar through eternity!

"TRUST IN GOD: GOD IS LOVE."

TRUST thou in God, for God is Love:
Love that is gladness, light, and peace!
Thy fluttering heart, inquiet dove,
Storm-tossed, its feeble strife shall cease!
With Him "the weary are at rest,"
E'en now! Their Hiding-Place, their Rock,
They build in Him their lofty nest,
And calmly bear time's rudest shock!
Earthquakes shall rend each towering peak
Of human confidence at length
But this! *This* Refuge all may seek,—
God's LOVE,—our Everlasting Strength!
Then, till thou rest with Him above,
Oh, trust in God, for God is Love!

PSALM XLVI.

Our Refuge and our Strength is God: a Help,—
A very present Help,—in trouble, He:
We therefore will not fear, be earth removed,
Or be the mountains cast amidst the sea!

Yea, though the waters troubled be and roar;
Though shake the mountains, too, their swelling by:
There is a river, streams whereof make glad
City and Holy Place of God Most High!

God in her midst, she shall not be removed;
Right early God shall help to her convey:
The heathen raged, and moved the kingdoms were,—
His Voice He uttered,—earth did melt away!

The Lord is with us,—yea, the Lord of Hosts!
Our Refuge evermore is Jacob's God!
Come ye, behold the workings of the Lord,
His desolations in the earth abroad!

He maketh wars to cease in all the earth;
He breaks the bow,—in sunder cuts the spear;
The chariot, too, He burneth in the fire:
Know, then, that I am God, in silent fear!

Among the heathen I will be extolled;
Exalted, too, in all the earth abroad!
The Lord is with us,—yea, the Lord of Hosts:
Our Refuge evermore is Jacob's God!

"SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM."

"*Seek ye first the kingdom of God* and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—ST MATT. vi. 33.

FIRST the kingdom,—then the "all things:"
Thus the Sovereign hath decreed:
Righteousness, through self-surrender,
Must all earthly claims precede.

Vainly I had tried to serve Him,—
Heart and life by self were owned:
Now, be every thought led captive,
Self cast out, my God enthroned!

Come, establish, Lord, Thy kingdom:
Thine I am by sovereign right;
Purchased by the blood of Jesus,—
But not yet surrendered quite.

Things unseen I fail to picture,
Vividly to faith disclosed
As the things I see around me:
Thus by sense is faith deposed!

Come, stand *first*, Lord, all-sufficient,
Though unseen to mortal eye
First:—then life's sublime vocation
Thee shall truly glorify.

First in every thought and feeling;
  First in every word and deed;
First o'er life supremely reigning,—
  Meaner things shall then recede.

Meaner things, alas! usurping,
  Often fill Thy rightful throne,—
Earthly cares and earthly pleasures:
  Now, O Lord, reign Thou alone!

"All in all" to me, go *first*, Lord!
  Reign in undisputed sway!
First at morning,—last at evening,—
  First in all things day by day!

Thus shall life, in true proportion,
  Rise in its nobility:
Thou, O God, o'er all presiding,
  Life shall then be full of Thee!

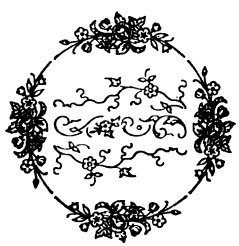
And if grandly Thou dost care for
  All my *soul's* ecstatic needs,
How much more wilt Thou sustain me,
  Whose wide love the *raven* feeds?

Oh, then, come and rule Thou o'er me!
  First Thy kingdom now I seek:
And my soul's supreme ambition
  Shall Thy *perfect* reign bespeak!

All my thoughts and feelings captive,
  Thine my acts and Thine my words:
Speed Thy joyous, loved dominion,
  King of kings and Lord of lords!

Then shall heaven, each day before me,
  Clear as seen by mortal eyes,
Gild the things of earth with glory,—
  Radiance of celestial skies!

There, in perfect, swift, obedience,
  Sought, with many falterings, erst,
Oh, how gladly will I serve Thee,—
  Thou shalt *evermore* be First!



"LIGHT AT EVENING TIME."

"**It shall be one day, which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that *at evening time it shall be light.*"—ZECH. xiv. 7.**

"*LET there be light!*" and from the deep
The brooding darkness raised its head:
Rent, in its flight, the veil of sleep,
And to its native regions sped!

"*Let there be light!*" Thus spake the Word,
As thus He spake and worlds were made:
Then Life and Light, in sweet accord,
The new-born earth in joy arrayed!

"*Let there be light!*" once more was said,
As, o'er the world, deep shadows fell;
Its morning past, its noontide fled,
Swift waned the hours that night foretell!

"*Let there be light!*" Then o'er the world
The "Light of Life," whence heart-joy springs,—
"The Sun of Righteousness,"—unfurled
The glory of His healing wings!

"*Let there be light!*" Now brightly shines
That "Light at Evening time" for all!
More brightly as the Day declines,
And Midnight comes with chilling pall!

"*Let there be light!*" In *me*, O Lord,
Disperse the shades of doubt and sin!
Oh, shine upon Thy sacred word,
And make me full of light within!

"*Let there be light!*" Forth from Thy Cross
May beams of joy fill myriad hearts!
Thy *love* is *light;* all else but dross,—
That light a pledge of heaven imparts!

"*Let there be light!*" Ah, *there* shall be
Light in its pure, unsullied sheen!
For "*God* is Light," and we shall see
The "Light of Life," no cloud between!

"*Let there be light!*" Resplendent Light!
Our "Sun," no more to set, shall shine,—
"The LORD our Everlasting Light,"—
A glory fadeless, yea, Divine!

"*Let there be light!*" Then, speed the years!
Let evening time its glory lose,
As the Eternal Day appears,
Whose beams perennial light diffuse!

"*Let there be light!*" The world is dark,
Though shines the Truth in every land:
Fain would we, Lord, Thy coming mark,—
With loins begirt, all waiting stand!

"*Let there be light!*" Oh, wing with power
Thy Word to every sinner's heart!
Shine *now*, O Lord! This very hour
The knowledge of Thyself impart!

"*Let there be light!*" Thy Word availed,
In earth's prime hour, the light to send,
Oh, speed it *now!* It never failed!
Let sin's dark reign for ever end!

"*Let there be light!*" Then, far and wide,
True joy shall spring,—true peace and love:
And these sweet fruits shall aye abide
In the refulgent realms above!

"IN THE LIGHT:"

THE CHRISTIAN'S NEW YEAR'S WATCHWORD.

"Walk in the light, as He is in the light."—1 St John i. 7.

Sing for the Old Year dead!
Sing for the New Year born!
Sing for the nightless days,
Clear as the shining morn,
Through all the glad New Year!

Sing for the glad New Year,
Circling its path of light!
Sing, for this New Year's Day,
Ending my soul's long night,
Heralds a glad New Year!

Sing, for the Morning Star,
Greeting my heart, hath sped,
Veiled in the Day-Spring's light,—
Light that shall, growing, spread
Through all the glad New Year!

Sing, for the Sun hath risen,
Clothed in His fervent might,—
Jesus, with healing wings,
Jesus, the world's true Light,—
Gilding my glad New Year!

Sing, for now evermore
  Brightly that Sun shall reign!
Light of eternal day,
  How can *He* wax and wane,—
    Sun of my glad New Year?

Seasons may wax and wane,
  Days may be short or long,—
Filled with *His* "marvellous light,"
  Mine shall be clear and strong
    Through all this glad New Year!

Sing, for in strength it shines,
  Shadowless light of God!
Bright, then, my path shall be,
  Bright as by angels trod,
    Through all the glad New Year!

Sing, though the heavens be dark,
  Waves of affliction roll,
Or even death be near,
  Wrapping in gloom my soul,
    During the glad New Year!

Sing, for above the gloom,
  Turning my night to day,
Grandly the Sun will shine,
  Chasing my griefs away,—
    Clouds of my glad New Year!

Bringing my heart to Him,
  Telling Him all its sin,
Telling Him all my thoughts,
  Light shall, without, within,
    Brighten the glad New Year!

This, then, my joy shall be,—
  Living each day in light,
Walking with Him in love,
  Faith shall increase to sight
    Through all the glad New Year!

Sing, then, the Old Year dead!
  Sing, too, the New Year born!
Sing of my soul's night past!
  Sing of her glorious morn!
    Through all the glad New Year!

Soon will a New Year's Day
  Break o'er the heavenly skies!
Soon will its Day-Star glow,
  Soon will its Day-Spring lead
    That perfect, endless, Day!

Sing, then, the Saviour's love,
  My "Everlasting Light"!
Sing, for I soon shall be
  Walking with Him in white,
    Throughout that perfect Day!

Sing, for how sweetly near
  Cometh that Day at times!
Sing, for e'en *now* its songs
  Blend with the welcome chimes
    Of this my glad New Year!

Sing, then! Yea, *always* sing!
  Singing keeps Heaven in sight!
Wouldst thou be full of Christ?
  Sing of Him, day and night,
    Through all this glad New Year!

"'READY?' AYE READY!"*

[The Motto upon the Model of a Life-boat, suspended in the Parish Church of South Shields, in commemoration of its inventor, who was a native of that town.]

"Be ye also ready."—ST MATT. xxii. 44.

HARK! Hark! 'tis the minute-gun piercing the storm!
The life-boat is manned and is launched in a breath!
The oars are in row-lock, the crew are in form,—
All hearts are begirt for their conflict with death!
A voice 'mid the tempest, "*All ready?*" is heard;—
Then swift, in stern calmness, is echoed the word,
"'*Ready?*' *Aye Ready!*"

God speed to Thy perilous mission of love!
His Eye be upon Thee, His Hand on thy helm!
Frail bark! though the storm bend in fury above,
With Him for Thy Pilot, it cannot o'erwhelm!
'Tis *He* gives the watchword, 'tis *He* nerves the hearts,
'Tis *He* to the answer the courage imparts,
"'*Ready?*' *Aye Ready!*"

He rides on the whirlwind, the tempest controls,
And holds in His Hand the infuriate waves:
He pierces the darkness that over thee rolls,
And metes out the danger thy gallantry braves!
God speed, tiny vessel, thy mission of love!
Thy watchword hath struck a sweet echo above,—
"'*Ready?*' *Aye Ready!*"

* For the New Year.

And, bounding the waves, thou shalt marvel to find,
  Though darkness and peril encompass thee still,
The billows surmounted, fear cast to the wind,
  Thy mission accomplished with marvellous skill:
For God, 'mid the roar of the tempest, hath heard,
And *He*, too, hath answered, the challenging word,
  "'*Ready?*' *Aye Ready!*"

Thus, present to aid me, O God, be Thou nigh,
  When storms gather thick o'er life's turbulent sea!
Thou bidst me to succour those ready to die;
  To watch and to labour, to suffer for Thee:
Thou bidst me be "Ready" to die or to live;—
Then help me, this New Year, the answer to give,—
  "'*Ready?*' *Aye Ready!*"

The year may bring storm, or the year may bring calm:
  The year may bring sorrow, the year may bring joy:
But all shall be safety with *Thee* at the helm!
  No 'wildering tempest my bark shall destroy!
Thy watchword, "Be ready," is sounded to-day:
O Lord, by Thy grace, all the year, will I say,—
  "'*Ready?*' *Aye Ready!*"

PSALM LI.

ACCORDING to Thy loving-kindness
Have mercy, Lord, on me;
And, as in multitude Thy mercies,—
Thy tender mercies,—be:

Blot out, O God, all my transgressions,
And wash me now within,—
From my iniquities wash throughly,
And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions;
My sin before me is.
Against Thee have I sinned,—Thee only,—
In Thy sight done amiss;

That justified Thou mightst be, speaking,
And clear in judging be.
Shaped in iniquity, my mother
In sin conceivèd me.

Thou, in the inner parts, desirest
Truth, O my God; and, lo,
Within the hidden part Thou ever
Shalt make me wisdom know.

Purge me, O God,—with hyssop purge me,
I shall be clean; and me
Wash Thou, and I as snow, but whiter,—
Whiter than snow shall be.

Make me, O Lord, to hear of gladness,—
Of joyfulness,—the voice;
So that the bones which Thou hast broken
May evermore rejoice.

Hide Thou Thy Face from my transgressions;
And blot out all my sin;
Create, O God, a clean heart in me,—
A spirit right within.

Cast me not from Thee; nor Thy Spirit
Take Thou from me. Restore
Salvation's joy; and Thy free Spirit
Uphold me evermore.

Thy ways, then, will I teach transgressors,
Who shall converted be:
From blood-guilt, God of my salvation,
Do Thou deliver me.

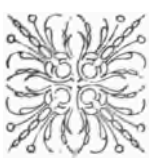
And then my tongue aloud shall sing of
Thy righteousness, O Lord!
Thy praise,—do Thou my lips now open,—
My mouth shall then record.

For Thou no sacrifice requirest,
Else would I give it Thee:
In sacrifice of a burnt-offering
Delighted wilt not be!

A broken, yea, a broken spirit,
  Is God's true sacrifice;
And Thou, a heart thus broken, contrite,
  O God, wilt not despise.

Do Zion good in Thy good pleasure;
  Build Salem's walls again;
And pleased Thou wilt with sacrifices
  Of righteousness be then.

Yea, sacrifices of burnt-offering,—
  Of whole burnt-offering, they
Shall then, with offering, too, of bullocks,
  Upon Thine altar lay.



THE HAND AND THE WING.

Angelic Ministry.

"Are they not all *ministering spirits*, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—HEB. i. 14.

"There appeared an *angel unto Him from Heaven*, strengthening Him."—ST LUKE xxii. 43.

"There stood by me this night *an angel of God*."—ST PAUL.—ACTS xxvii. 23.

THE Angel of God stood by me,—
Wild was the storm and drear:
The billows ran high,
The breakers were nigh,—
Yet I had naught to fear,—
The Angel of God stood nigh me!

An angel,—a ministering spirit,
Sent to the heirs of light,
To guide all their ways,
To brighten their days,
Till flee time's shades of night!
Oh, Christian! canst *thou* aver it?

We cannot describe their features,
Formed in a heavenly mould,
Who noiselessly glide
Our footsteps beside:
Still do they *us* uphold,
God's erring and wayward creatures!

Adore, then, the love, and wonder,—
  Pry not, but swiftly trust!
    With angels around
    Sweet whispers abound,
  Filling with hope the just:
Oh, couldest thou walk asunder?

An angel of God stood by me,—
  'Twas in the days long past,
    When o'er me the charms,
    Devoid of alarms,
  Snares of my youth, were cast:
"Can *myths*," said he, "gratify thee?"

The perils of youth swept past me:
  Entering the gate of life,
    I knew not the way,—
    Sin led me astray;
  Stern was the field of strife,—
The shadow of doubt o'ercast me:

The angel of God stood by me,—
  Herald of heavenly peace:
    I knew not the voice,
    That bade me rejoice,
  Bringing my spirit's release,—
But *God*, by an angel, was nigh me!

The Wing and the Hand betoken
  Swiftness of succouring love:
    The cherub's employ
    To minister joy,—
  Sent from the realms above,—
To whisper what God hath spoken!

The shadow of grief fell o'er me,—
  Loved ones had passed away:
    Oh, had I but known
    I was not alone,—
  For, ever, night and day,
An angel then stood before me!

Twelve legions of angels waited
  Word from the King of Kings
    To fly to His aid:
    But *one*, as He prayed,
  Folding his lightning wings,
With strength all His fear abated!

Thus, too, be an angel nigh me,—
  Messenger, Lord, from Thee,—
    To strengthen my faith,
    In life and in death,—
  Whispering ever to me,
"The angel of God stands by thee!"

Oh, soon wilt Thou glorify me!
  Then, in the Home above,—
    Ah! *then* shall I sing
    The Hand and the Wing,
  Telling how oft, in love,
The angel of God stood by me!

I SING OF THE LOVE OF JESUS.

I SING of the love of Jesus,—
  Oh, wilt thou not join with me?
Inspired by its secret drawings,
  How can I, then, silent be?

I sing of the love of Jesus,
  Because I have known its power:
It rescued me from destruction,—
  It brightens my darkest hour!

I sing of the love of Jesus,—
  My Sovereign,—Redeemer,—Friend:
That love is the song of angels,
  And mine I with *theirs* would blend!

I sing of the love of Jesus:
  Thy heart must be warm to sing!
O *think* of the love of Jesus,
  And that will deep fervour bring!

To *sing* of the love of Jesus,
  Thy heart must with *His* beat high!
Hath not His blood redeemed thee,—
  His Spirit, too, drawn thee nigh?

We sing of the love of Jesus,
  For deep in our hearts His Name
Indelibly He hath graven:
  Canst *thou* not affirm the same?

To sing, then, the love of Jesus,
  No wonder thy tongue is dumb!
O flee to His arms this moment,—
  He lovingly bids thee come!

I sing of the love of Jesus,—
  I went, and He spake my peace;
And, since, as He draws me nearer,
  Our fellowship cannot cease!

O sing, then, the love of Jesus,
  Ye Christians who know it well!
For how can your tongues be silent
  When ye have so much to tell?

Yea, sing with the glow of angels,
  But strike a yet higher chord:
The love of your souls' Redeemer,—
  The *angels'* all-glorious Lord!

Then sing with the break of morning!
  And sing through the live-long day!
The well-spring of love be flowing
  In many a silent lay!

I ever must sing of Jesus,
  And He shall my song inspire,
Till, drawn to Him daily nearer,
  He bid me to "Come up higher!"

Oh, *then*, I will sing of Jesus,—
  Yea, sing of His wondrous love:
My song shall outring the angels',
  And gladden the hosts above!

"I sing of the love of Jesus!"
  Should any enquire my song;
"O come, all ye choirs of seraphs,
  "The strains of my theme prolong!"

"THESE LITTLE ONES:"

CHILDREN'S HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of *these little ones* should perish."—St Matt. xviii. 14.

O Father, hear Thy little ones
This happy New Year's Day!
We come to ask Thy blessing, Lord,
To help us on our way.

We are but very little ones,
And Thou so very great:
Yet, Father, 'tis Thy loving will—
We now that blessing wait!

We thank Thee for Thy tender care
Through all the days gone by;
We have been kept, and clothed, and fed—
For Thou wert always nigh!

O teach us how to serve Thee, Lord;
Speak, for Thy servants hear!
We thank Thee,—but we long to show
Thy praise this glad New Year!

O Father, hear Thy little ones
In this our simple prayer:
Our parents, friends, and teachers bless,
Each day, and everywhere!

We thank Thee for Thy gracious Word
That welcomes us to Thee:
We thank Thee for the Saviour's love,
And His sweet "Come to Me!"

O Father, may we *ever* come,
And feel Thee *ever* near!
Thy little ones shall praise Thee, then,
Through all this glad New Year!

And, in the home above, where now
Our "angels" see Thy face,
Thy little ones more perfectly
Shall sing Thy wondrous grace!

IS ALL WELL?

"It shall be *well* with them that fear God."—ECCLES. viii. 12.

Is all well? All *should* be well!
Thy saintly victor-life should tell,
So calmly trusting,—though be high
The tempest, or be clear the sky,—
That all *is* well!

Is all well? If thou hast laid
Thy sins on Jesus,—and hast made
His love thy refuge,—so that now
The Spirit's seal is on thy brow,
Then all *is* well!

Is *all* well? Faith's vision clear?
Love fervent? God's sweet Word more dear?
Hope, joy, and peace,—a radiant band,—
Bright heralds of Immanuel's land?
Then all *is* well!

Is all *well?* Oh, canst thou take
The bitter, and, for Jesus' sake,
Account it sweet? The pain, the loss,—
Esteem them naught beside the Cross?
Then all is *well!*

All *is* well, if thou canst see
God's Hand in wealth *and* poverty:
His love's device in sickness; while,
Behind the darkest cloud, His smile:
Then all is *well!*

But *is* all well beside the grave?
Canst thou at thought of death be brave?
Dost thou repine when loved ones "sleep"?
If God thy soul in peace doth keep,
Then all *is* well!

Yes, all is well, and thou may'st sing,
Beneath the Almighty's guardian wing,—
"My Father knoweth best! His love
"Sufficient for my day shall prove!
"All, *all* is well!"

Yes! all *is* well! We may not know
The way, yet fearlessly may go!
For is not *Jesus* at our side,
To guide, to shield, whate'er betide?
Yes! all *is* well!

All *shall* be well, too,—for in death
He shall receive my latest breath;
Bear me on high; when still my song
Shall be, amid the heavenly throng,
"All, *all* is well!"

Then, *is* all well? Yes, well with *thee?*
Come, then, in lowly ecstasy,—
What though each day fresh trials bring?
Fear thou no evil!—Trust, and sing,
"Yes! all *is* well!

"My Saviour doeth *all* things well!
"My needs, the way, *I* cannot tell:
"*He* knows; I follow: blind, not dumb;
"Singing,—though joy, though grief, may come,—
"*All,* ALL *is* WELL!"

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

"Then shall I know *even as also I am known.*"—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Oh, *shall* I "know as also I am known"?
My wounded heart needs balm like this to heal its pain!
Its craving is of *Thee*, O God, to see again
My cherished ones, when time's brief day hath flown!

So plain the truth,—so like Thyself to give
A crowning such as this to earth's exalted love,—
The Record of Thy Will *assumes* it, yet doth prove,—
"Knowing *as* known" Thy children then shall live!

Father! I bless Thee for this precious word!
The dear ones taken in Thy love to dwell with Thee,
Amid the glories of their future Home, shall be
The *very same*, though radiant as their Lord!

Still "known," and to be loved as when they sang
With us Thy praises here, and bowed in lowly prayer,—
The same loved features, voices, aspect, will be there,
On which, in fond delight, affection used to hang!

It is not, O my God, that I shall love,
Or worship, Thee with less devoted, fervent zeal:
But earth's sweet fellowships are cherished; types and seal,—
Oh, are they not?—of *perfect* joys above.

Hearts' finer chords are strung but to resound
In purest harmony amid celestial bliss!
Their subtil strains are faint in such a world as this!
In earth's dull air discordant notes abound!

But still the harmonies, the blended thrills,
Of home affection shall not die unperfected!
The kindred heart-strings shall again the music shed,
In richest cadence, perfect love distils!

Ah, yes! for shall not Eden be restored?
Each noble, God-breathed, throb of soul-life be revived?
Of not one pure, one lofty element deprived,
My soul's frankincense then shall be outpoured!

The shattered fragments of God's holy shrine
Shall be rebuilt! Love, knowledge, and each precious stone
Shall fitly show His perfect work; while, round His throne,
"Knowing as known," in words of light shall shine!

Yes! loved ones *shall* be known, or incomplete
Would knowledge be! *God* knows them! Even so shall *we!*
And incomplete the soul's divine nobility,
Were hearts, made one by God, no more to meet!

Art Thou not, Lord, our *Father?* Then, shall we,
Thy *children,* be estranged? Nay, Father! To our *heart,*—
A sacred instinct,—this sweet truth Thou dost impart,—
Thy silent Voice;—and who can speak like *Thee?*

Then will we dwell upon this truth, and bless
The love that gilds our future in such beauteous lines!
Our chaste affection is but one of many signs,—
Heaven garners earth's sweet joys in perfectness!

The "loved and lost," then, shall be found and known!
And holy converse shall enhance the bliss of heaven,—
Memorial of the "way,"—of help and comfort given,—
As, found "*with Christ*," we meet around His throne!

"O blessed union in the Home above!
"O happy children of our Father-God!" we sing:
"Our loved ones who now sleep in Jesus He shall bring,
"And clothe them with the fulness of His love!"

Then, through the myriad ages, round the throne,
God's family shall gather, worshipping, and tell
The wonders of His love;—for evermore to dwell
At *Home*, and *know as also they are known!*

"MY CUP RUNNETH OVER!"*

THE fulness of blessing!† Praise God for His love,
Distilling like dew on our souls from above!
The theme of the Christian,—his song evermore,—
"With fulness of blessing my cup runneth o'er!"

The *fulness* of blessing! Oh, marvellous dower,
To brighten my journey,—to gird me with power!
The fulness of *God!* Then let me adore,—
In lowly rejoicing,—my cup runneth o'er!

The fulness of blessing,—the fulness of wealth?
Of peace, of rejoicing, of friends, or of health?
Of these I may sing,—but I bless Him far more,
With *life from my Saviour* my cup runneth o'er!

The fulness of blessing in *Jesus* I sing!
Of riches of love that cannot take wing;
Of joy in believing,—of peace a rich store:
Who, therefore, can wonder my cup runneth o'er?

The fulness of blessing,—the fulness of light,—
Of hope and of knowledge,—of faith and of might;
Of patience, of meekness, unknown heretofore,—
Of holy assurance,—my cup runneth o'er!

* Ps. xxiii. 5. † Rom. xv. 29.

The fulness of blessing,—but wherefore bestowed?
For selfish enjoyment? like wealth, to corrode?
Ah, no! but like ointment, abroad I should pour
The gladness wherewith now my cup runneth o'er!

The fulness of blessing! Who hath not the need
Of sweet word of kindness,—of generous deed?
Relieve the distressed,—be kind to the poor,—
For still shall thy song be, My cup runneth o'er!

The fulness of blessing,—in heart and in home!
And then o'er thy neighbours thy bounty shall come!
Exhaustless,—for God doth replenish thy store:
By Him,—by Him only,—thy cup runneth o'er!

The fulness of blessing! O thanks be to God,
Whose sweet loving-kindness thus sheddeth abroad
A largess of blessing, undreamt of before,—
That *all* may be singing, My cup runneth o'er!

The fulness of blessing,—forgiveness and peace;
Bright solace for mourners,—for prisoners release;
Glad tiding of joy to earth's loneliest shore,—
To stir the sweet heart-song, My cup runneth o'er!

The fulness of blessing! Then loftiest praise
Shall hasten the brightness of heavenly days!
In joy and in sorrow, till time be no more,
My *life* shall be chiming, My cup runneth o'er.

PSALM XLIII.

PLEAD Thou my cause, O Lord, against
A godless nation: judge me now.
From the deceitful man,—from him
Who is unjust,—deliver Thou!

For of my strength Thou art the God:
Then wherefore dost Thou cast off me?
Why do I mourning go because
Oppresseth yet the enemy?

Send out Thy light, send out Thy truth:
O let them lead me, and for me
As guides to Thy most Holy Hill,
And to Thy tabernacles, be!

Then to the Altar of my God,—
God my Exceeding Joy,—I'll go;
And on the harp, O God, my God,—
Yea, on the harp,—Thy praise will show!

Then why cast down my soul, and why
Disquieted? Hope thou in God!
I'll praise Him yet who is my Health,—
Health of my countenance,—my GOD!

HOSANNA!

HOSANNA, blessed Saviour,
Our long-expected Joy!
To greet Thee with "Hosanna"
Shall be our loved employ!

The children cried "Hosanna"
Amid the temple throng;
And, on the Mount of Olives,
"Hosanna!" was the song!

Our hearts leap forth to meet Thee,—
Thou dost salvation bring:
Though riding meek and lowly,
Thou still art Zion's King!

All hail, then, Blessed Jesus!
Hosanna, once again!
Establish now Thy Kingdom,—
O come in might to reign!

We strew Thy way with branches,
A Conqueror art Thou:
And with a loud "Hosanna!"
Our hearts before Thee bow!

Our garments, too, outspreading,—
  Our robes of self and pride,—
We shout, with holy ardour,
  Ride on,—in triumph ride!

Till o'er our fallen nature
  The conquest Thou hast won;
And earth's far distant nations
  To welcome Thee have run!

Oh, *then*, one loud Hosanna
  Shall sound from pole to pole,
Sweeter to Thee, and louder,
  Than mighty waters' roll!

And, then, the welcome chorus
  Echoing far on high,
One glorious shout "Hosanna!"
  Shall fill both earth and sky!

Deign, then, O mighty Victor,
  To hear our fervent song;
And, too, our glad "Hosanna"
  Ye angel choirs prolong!

"NOT MY WILL."

"Not *My* will, O My Father,—
"Not My will,—*Thine* be done":
The anguish-laden breathing
Of God's beloved Son!

Life-words, O saintly Christian!
The basis of thy faith;
Thy central spring of action;
Thy pole-star unto death!

Behold the wrestling Saviour!
(Thou canst not plumb *His* woe!)
Assailed by countless legions,—
Whose skill thou canst not know!

And myriads bend to see Him,—
The lonely Warrior-King!
Well may the night a mantle
Over His anguish fling!

Still, myriad eyes are watching
That poignant, mortal strife!
Why all this deadly combat?
The contest is for *life!*

Yes, life for *thee*, my brother!
Life for the human race!
For this the powers of darkness
And light are face to face!

Each hidden fibre quivers
With keenest agony!
The heart's inverted action
In oozing blood-drops see!

Yet still the Warrior fails not,
Though *fear* would shake His mind:
For, oh! the depth of anguish
No human thought can find!

"*If possible*, My Father,
"Let this cup pass from Me!"
He saw, He knew,—*we* cannot,—
That depth of agony!

"Yet not *My* will, O Father!
"Not *Mine*,—*Thy* will be done!"
And thus o'er hell's grim legions
The victory was won!

For "Lo, I come,"—His witness,—
"To do Thy will, O God"!
And now His life of suffering
Is to be closed in blood!

Oh, could *we* venture near Him,—
Armed with His constant mind:
Leave home, and friends, and kindred,
And earth's fair scenes behind!

Leave *all* to do God's bidding,—
To know no will but *His:*
Then would our souls recover
Their long-lost Eden-bliss!

Oh, be God's will engraven
Upon our inmost hearts!
Thrice holy is the lesson
Gethsemane imparts!

Then, "Not *My* will, O Father,
"Not mine,—*Thy* will be done!"
Be this the fervent breathing
Of every God-born son!

"THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL."*

Good news, yea, glad tidings of holiest joy:
A Sceptre ariseth hell's power to destroy!
Sing high, then, ye nations, and welcome the King,
Who, clothed with salvation, your freedom shall bring!

"Hosanna!" Yes, gladly, "Hosanna!" we cry:
The nations are sickly, and ready to die!
All power hath departed of turning to God:
And Satan on everything lovely hath trod!

Sin rules in our hearts, and sin rules in the world;
O'er all things exulteth its banner unfurled!
Crushed, bleeding, and ghastly, men lie in their gore,—
And wailings of anguish are heard the world o'er!

Upraise, then, the shout of "Hosanna!" again:
Your Champion approacheth, ye children of men!
Hope beams like a morning from Stygian night,
And thrilleth our hearts to a song of delight!

For God hath looked down and beheld our estate;
And, shrouded as man, would our suffering abate:
Yea, bone of our bone,—oh, the marvellous love!—
'Tis thus that He deigns His compassion to prove!

* 1 Tim. i. 11.

Our birth was divine! Then, perfect as God,
The fair bowers of Eden our ancestors trod:
But sin spread a blight o'er the heart and the earth,
And stilled was the music of innocent mirth!

Far spread the destruction, as long ages rolled,
Till men grew in wickedness daily more bold:
Wars, murders, and crimes of all hues, steeped the world,—
From heaven down to hell all the nations were hurled!

Yet sweetly the strains of a Saviour to come,
Had wakened the hope and the gladness of some:
They sighed and they prayed, 'mid the world's gloomy night,
And looked for the promise of Evening time Light!

And now let us raise our "Hosanna,"—for soon
That night shall give place to perennial noon!
The morning hath broken, the sun hath arisen,
The souls of men now shall escape from their prison!

For "Liberty,"—Heaven's sweet watchword,—resounds;
The oil of rejoicing for mourners abounds!
And jubilee strains of glad tidings are borne
To all who in Zion in heaviness mourn!

Oh, sing, then, a mighty Hosanna again,
For God hath come down, and is dwelling with men!
His kingdom of righteousness, gladness, and peace,
For ever established, all discord shall cease!

And now in the world, to its furthest domain,
The kingdom of God be established again!
The sceptre of peace and of love bearing sway,
All hearts shall be dressed in their bridal array!

In bridal array? Yea, for union with God!
For dwelling with Him, even while on the road
To heavenly mansions prepared for their home,—
The home of the Bride in the kingdom to come!

Transformed to the image of God even now,
The signet divine shall be stamped on their brow;
The Gospel glad tidings? Ah, yes, to the meek,—
The heart-broken captives, who liberty seek!

The glorious Gospel! O welcome its sound!
Its strains of sweet music are swelling around!
"Good will among men" is the heavenly chime,—
And "glory to God" is its theme for all time!

Come, then, at its bidding, ye sin-laden ones,—
Receive now the kiss,—the adoption of sons;
Be changed by its marvellous *power*, till ye shine
In marvellous *light*,—yea, in glory divine!

"Hosanna!" we sing, then, for now we behold
A treasure more precious,—more potent,—than gold;
A balm for the healing of sin's fell disease,—
Sweet waters of life, our souls' thirst to appease!

Oh, wonderful Gospel, that changes our hearts,—
The virtue of *God* to our nature imparts:
Recovers the glory in Adam defaced,
That hath on our souls God's own lineaments traced!

And blessed are they who can humbly confess
The Gospel thus potent their spirits to bless!
In deep adoration, in lowly delight,
They sing their Hosanna by day and by night!

Then come, let us join in their heart-stirring song!
To *us*, as to *them*, these Glad Tidings belong!
To bind up *our* hearts,—every sin to efface,—
That Gospel has come with its fulness of grace!

The glorious freedom of children of God!
Oh, marvellous birthright! 'twas bought with His blood!
Hosanna! then humbly we joyfully cry,
And long to behold our fair Home in the sky!

Ah! *there* we shall sing, in a rapture untold,
This strain of the wonderful story of old!
Eternity filled with Hosannas shall be,
For all these Glad Tidings, Lord Jesus, of Thee!

"GO FORWARD."

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they *go forward*."—EXOD. xiv. 15.

"Go forward!" Art thou standing still?
Canst not thou see the way?
Then, from the Cloudy-Pillar, hear
Thy Father's voice this day,—
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward!" Do the mountains hide
Thy view on either hand?
They do but keep thee in thy path,
And echo His command,—
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward!" Art thou looking back?
Egypt is far behind:
And, pressing on, is Pharaoh's host,
Like the Sirocco wind,—
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward!" Canaan lies before!
The way thou knowest not:
But, "I will go before," saith God,
"To bring thee to thy lot,"—
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward," and the yielding waves
A pathway shall disclose!
The guardian wall that shelters thee
Shall soon o'erwhelm thy foes!
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward," then, in simple faith;
Rest in God's power alone:
And thus, upon the further bank,
Thou shalt His mercy own,—
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward!"—Quiet, brief command!
Yet backed by how much power!
The waters fled, the foe was crushed,—
Faith triumphed in that hour!
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward!" For, though dark thy way,
O Christian, God is near!
His Pillar-Cloud and mighty Arm
Shall guide thee all the year!
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward!" Step by step each day,
In faith, in love, in prayer;
He guides thee, and, in Him, thy faith
Shall every peril dare!
"*Go Forward!*"

"Go forward!" a united host,
Ye children of the Lord!
A noble army, well-equipped,—
Hear ye this day the word,—
"*Go Forward!*"

" Go forward!" for the Lord hath need
  Of every valiant son!
Yet soon His voice may call us home,—
  Each glorious victory won!
" Go Forward!"

" Go forward," then, from day to day,
  A fearless, trusting band;
Though dark the way,—hedged in by foes,—
  Haste to the Promised Land!
" Go Forward!"

"FOR MY SAKE."

"He that loseth his life *for My sake* shall find it."—St Matt. x. 39.

"Ye know the grace of Jesus,"
The sinner's glorious Friend,—
The grace whose Godlike virtues
Our highest thought transcend?

Co-Partner in the glory
Of heaven's eternal King,
His diadem of beauty
Was changed for suffering.

Disrobed of all the splendour,
He left His throne on high,
And came to earth a mortal,
For us to bleed and die!

The eastern star beheld Him
A Babe in Bethlehem;
The peasant-folk round Tabor
Marked how He toiled with them.

"The Man,—Jehovah's Fellow,"
For three-and-thirty years,
Lived as a "Man of Sorrows,"
And shed true friendship's tears!

Behold Him now a wanderer,
A stranger 'midst "His own";
Now in the Hall of Judgment,
Betrayed,—denied,—alone!

See Him now clothed in purple,
In regal mockery;
A crown of thorns is platted,—
They, scoffing, bow the knee!

Now scourged, reviled, and hurried
Fast to His tragic doom;
Then, after six hours' torture,
Laid in a guarded tomb!

And all for *us* that suffering,
For *us* that poverty,—
That we thereby might garner
Riches that never flee!

And now, oh, list the summons,
So tender, plaintive, true:
"Will you for *Me* not suffer!
"I suffered this for you!"

"Wilt thou not bear, O Christian,
"The Cross which, for thy sake,
"I bore from youth to manhood,
"The power of sin to break?

"Wilt thou not breast the labour,
"For *My* sake bear the strife,
"For *My* sake suffer hardship,
"For *My* sake lose thy life?

"I, to enrich thy nature
"With God's sweet love and peace,
"For *thy* sake bore the penance
"Of violate decrees:

"For *thy* sake the revilings,—
"The hatred, scorn, disdain;
"For *thy* sake all the anguish,
"The grief, the mortal pain.

"And wilt thou not for *My* sake
"Thy little all lay down,
"To lose thy life, but after
"To gain a deathless crown?"

Ah! Lord, Thy tender pleading
My grateful heart has won:
Life's utmost toil can never
Repay what Thou hast done!

My *all*, in glad surrender,
I yield for Thy dear sake:
Oh, in the joy and suffering
Let me, henceforth, partake!

High word of Thine instruction!
With trembling awe I speak!
Well do I know my frailty,
That I am poor and weak!

Yet, to Thy lofty standard
My helpless soul aspires,
Drawn, by the Holy Spirit,
To Thy supreme desires!

Thus, not in vain presumption,
But Thy most "perfect gift"
Of loving impulse nerves me
Eyes, voice, and heart to lift!

Oh, finish, then, Thy purpose
That I may holy be:
For Thy sake ever *living*,
Oh, let me *die* for Thee!

"GO TELL MY BRETHREN."

EASTER MORNING.

'Tis yet but early morning
  Of Time's grand Easter-Day;
The sun has not arisen
  His glory to display:
But, lo! a richer splendour,
  And wondrously serene,
O'er Calvary is shining
  Than earth has ever seen!

For "The Brightness of the Glory,"—
  The "Day-Spring from on high,"—
God's own resplendent "Image,"—
  The "Light of Life,"—draws nigh!
O'er all the world that Brightness
  Its gladsome ray shall send,
Till, in each distant nation,
  Sin's long dark night shall end!

And now that Light supernal
  Shines in a Human Face,
And Human Lips are speaking
  In tones of peerless grace,—

His loving thoughts so tender
In radiant words of light:
"Go, tell My chosen BRETHREN
"Of this unlooked-for sight:

"Tell them that I am risen,
"According to My word:
"Tell them that thou hast seen Me,
"Their Brother, and their Lord!
"Tell them that to My Father
"I shall, ere long, ascend,—
"But evermore remaining
"Their Saviour, Brother, Friend!"

Oh, Light of Love! Thy shining
Reveals the Heart of God!
It tells us why Thy glory
Went down eclipsed in blood!
Went down, but now hath risen,
"The *Sun of Righteousness*,"
Before the sun, and brighter,
All human hearts to bless!

Ho! then, ye sad disciples,
Sad with a sore amaze,
Your tearful eyes uplifting,
On your loved Master gaze!
Though in His veilèd splendour
"*Emmanuel, God with us*,"
His loving heart rejoices
To call you "brethren" thus!

Ho! too, ye weary pilgrims,
Who Time's dark vale now tread,
Will *ye* not, too, be shining
In Christ, your Risen Head?

Lo! He thus calls you "brethren,"—
He, God's "Beloved Son,"—
Partaker of His glory
Which He for you hath won!

Oh! shine, then, in full splendour,
Ye "children of The Light"!
Disperse the shades, the peril,
Of sorrow's dreary night!
Shine with the glowing lustre
That lit the Saviour's face,
And thus be like your "Brother,"
So "full of truth and grace!"

Oh, hallowed resurrection,
With its most glorious word
That we, in truth, are "*brethren*"
With Christ our risen Lord!
Rejoice, then, with deep gladness;
In you that Brother shine,—
Your every word and action
Full of His Light-Divine!

THE CHRISTIAN'S NEW YEAR'S SONG.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—
PSALM lxxiii. 24.

FATHER, take my hand!
Guide me through the year:
Though clouds my path o'erspread,
Bid me not to fear!

Childlike, I am sure
None can guide as Thou:
My Father! Take my hand,—
Take it even now!

Clinging to Thy side,
Looking in Thy face,
My trusting heart is safe,
Resting in Thy grace!

Erring as a child,
To Thine arms I fly:
I cannot tell the way
To my Home on high!

But I need not know,
And I need not fear!
All wisdom dwells in Thee,
And Thou art ever near!

Spread Thy wings around,
Covering safe and warm!
Oh, never let me stray,—
Bear me through life's storm!

Bear me through each day;
Shelter me each night.
Thus guide me to my Home,—
Home of endless light.

Sweet my song of praise
Then shall be for aye,—
As sweet my song is now,
Travelling on the way!

Thus the "glad new year"
Beams with hope for me!
Thine Eye, Thine Ear, Thine Heart,
Never closed shall be!

Guardian love like Thine
Trusting love demands:
Then life and *all* I give
To my Father's hands!

Life, then, oh, how bright,
Filled with holy love!
Its songs, its prayers, its hopes,
Raise my soul above!

Father! grant me this:
Nearing Home each day,
To hear Thy voice each hour
On my Homeward way!

Life, then, oh, how sweet!
Tempests may arise,—
My heart defies the storm,
Singing 'mid the skies!

"FAITHFUL AND BELOVED."*

"Πιστὸς καὶ Ἀγαπητὸς."—1 Tim. vi. 2.

Speed Thy servant, gracious Master,
On his loved but toilsome way!
Hold his trusting hand still faster,—
Perils throng life's closing day!

"Faithful and belovèd,"—standing,
Like a girded champion, true;
Thus our grateful love commanding,—
While to *Thee* the praise is due.

Loving Thee,—all self discarded,—
Where truth's noble standard drooped,
Fearlessly Thy cause he guarded,
Nor to vain compliance stooped.

Loved of Thee, thus faithful resting,
Now his well-fought day wings fast,
Robe life's circling hills with cresting
Whose bright rays shall time outlast!

Gild his path with sunset glory!
Bathe his soul in noonday light!
Tell him *all* Thy love's grand story,—
Clothe him with Thy love's sweet might!

* To a "faithful and beloved" brother.

Oh, how richly *hast* Thou blessed him
With the power to work and love!
Still more graciously invest him
With the Spirit from above!

Full of peace, of love, and gladness,
Shining as the stars of night,—
Lips and life dispelling sadness,
May his course be *ever* bright!

Bright within the home's fond dwelling;
Bright 'mid friends in social life;
Bright when lips God's love are telling;
Banishing all fear and strife.

Brighter still, as, ever nearer,
Glows the Morning Star's sweet ray;
Fuller, stronger, purer, clearer,
Onward to the Perfect Day!

With Thy love's rich banner o'er him,
May he "rest" in perfect peace;
With Thy nobler "rest" before him,
Faith's grand energy increase!

Binding up the broken-hearted;
Counselling both young and old;
Still, by glowing love imparted,
May he Thy great cause uphold!

Hallow thus his day's declining!
All his inmost soul entrance!
Clothe him with the full-orbed shining
Of Thy glorious Countenance!

Then, his well-loved service ended,
Full of joy, of peace, of love;
Be his sunset glory blended
With the Day-Spring from above!

"SET ME AS A SEAL UPON THINE HEART."

"Set me as a seal upon Thine Heart, as a seal upon Thine Arm: for love *is* strong as death."—CANT. viii. 6.

OH, *set* me as a seal upon Thine Heart,—
Thy beauteous Image, Lord, in me renewed!
Life hath no joy like Thine it can impart,—
Thine,—love-distilled in sovereign plenitude!

A seal upon Thine Heart,—yea, on Thine *Arm*,
To cherish me, and to recall Thy love:
Sin shall not triumph then, nor foes alarm,
With this remembrance in the Home above!

Our Great High Priest, Thou bearest now my name
Upon Thy Breast, and pleadest at the Throne:
But, oh! impress mine image *deeper*;—then mine aim
Shall higher be,—and Thou shalt reign alone!

Thus seal me Thine,—irrevocably Thine:
The special object of Thy tender care!
With love as strong as death,—yea, love Divine,—
Enshielding me from every hurtful snare!

Thy love my life, my guerdon, my defence,
Perils affright not, as I Homeward go,—
Homeward to *Thee*, whom, with a love intense,
I seek, in all the fulness of Thy grace, to know!

Soon will my journey end, and I shall be,—
All glorious then within,—for evermore
In yonder Palace, O my Lord, with Thee,—
My yearnings for Thee and my wanderings o'er!

Ah! then,—sweet recompense for all my woes!—
Thou wilt the treasures of Thy grace reveal;
And, on Thine Heart and on Thine Arm, disclose
Mine Image,—veiled in *Thine,*—Love's counterseal!

THE DAY OF DAYS:

A SABBATH HYMN.

IMMANUEL, hear our praise
On this, the Day of Days!
We lift our hearts, we lift our voice,—
In whom but Thee should we rejoice,—
The Mighty God, the Word,
Creator, Saviour, Lord,—
On this, the Day of Days?

Immanuel,—God with us:
As men of old, we thus
The Everlasting Father praise:
To God in Jesus Christ our lays
Of grateful joy we bring,
And of The Spirit sing,
On this, the Day of Days!

Hear us, Great Three in One!
With Thee the day begun,
Thy love shall gild its sacred hours,
As though we dwelt in Eden-bowers;
And make, from morn to night,
The Sabbath a delight—
This holy Day of Days!

Lord, teach us how to pray!
Our busy thoughts will stray,
Unless Thou lead them heavenwards!
O bind the sacrifice with cords,—
With cords of love divine,—
That heart and life be Thine
Through all this Day of Days!

And let us sit with Thee
In Heavenly Places, free
From earthly thought, from earthly care:
We cannot rise,—take *Thou* us there!
Our weary hearts would come,
To hear Thee speak of Home
On this sweet Day of Days!

Let seraphs living coals
Bear to our feeble souls
From off Thine Altar, Lord; for high
The flame of love should rise,—whereby
Our prayers, our songs, may be
Sweet savour unto Thee,
On this, the Day of Days!

Unfold Thy sacred Word!
Be every spirit stirred
By visions of its "wondrous things,"—
By "everlasting joy" that rings,—
Sweet revelation given,
The melody of heaven,—
On this bright Day of Days!

Heaven hath no day like this;
For its all-perfect bliss
Hath Sabbath tone, and more, for aye!

No welcome *then* to Sabbath-Day,—
For we, supremely blest,
For *evermore* shall rest
On *that* bright Day of Days!

Then to the Home of God,—
Our Home through Jesus' blood,—
Our thoughts shall tend, our hearts shall rise:
(Heaven this day below the skies!)
Communing, Lord, with Thee,
Our Sabbath then shall be
A *Home-like* Day of Days!

MORNING HYMN.

For the Home.

[TUNE: "*Jerusalem the Golden.*"]

AWAKE once more to praise Thee,
I lift my heart above;
Help me, O Lord, to raise Thee
A song of fervent love!
Creation's silent voices
Through all Thy works are heard;
And my full heart rejoices,
By gentlest Love-Breath stirred!

Awake once more to serve Thee,
What can *my* strength avail?
O let Thy Spirit nerve me,
Or heart and flesh will fail!
By countless foes surrounded,
While perils lurk within:
Let Satan be confounded,—
Destroy the power of sin!

Awake once more to love Thee,
O shed *Thy* love abroad,—
Constraining love,—to move me
To Thee still nearer, Lord!
Anointed every morning,
O may I faithful prove:
And let my soul's adorning
Be Thy sweet, patient love!

Awake once more to fear Thee,
With holy, childlike awe;
O could I *but* revere Thee,
Since Thou dost closer draw!
With yearnings for Thy glory,
As life's dear vale is trod,
My heart breathes low the story,—
"Thou art my *Father-God!*"

Awake once more to trust Thee,
With firmer hold I cling:
Thou *canst* not deal unjustly,
Though *all* my joys take wing!
"'Tis well," my soul confesseth;
"'Tis well—the stern command:
"'Tis well!" and straightway blesseth
Thy love's chastising Hand!

Awake, then, Lord, to bless Thee,
My life of love be praise!
Then shall no fear distress me,
Trusting Thee all my days!
The morn that hath no ending
Shall soon, o'er heavenly skies,
All other morns transcending,
In peerless glory rise!

Hail to that grand awaking!
O Saviour, speed the hour,
When I, the tomb forsaking,
Shall reign with Thee in power!
Awake,—Thine image bearing,—
My last great slumber o'er,
Immortal gladness sharing,
Awake for evermore!

EVENING HYMN.

For the Home.

[TUNE: "*The Church's One Foundation.*"]

THY blessing, Lord, at even
Again we humbly crave:
Wilt Thou not in the darkness
Our home from peril save?
Look down upon Thy children,
Assembled thus to pray;
And gild with heaven's own radiance
The hours of closing day!

We thank Thee, Lord,—we bless Thee,—
For the sweet morning light;
For noon-tide and for evening;
And for the welcome night!
Thy loving Hand was o'er us
Through every fleeting hour;
Thy Presence was our safeguard,—
Thy Name our sheltering Tower!

Our sitting down Thou knewest,—
Our rising up,—and all
Our secret thoughts were present
To Thee,—both great and small:
And wilt Thou not encompass
Thy children's lying down,
And thus with loving-kindness
The day's rich mercy crown?

Father! we come confessing
  Our frailty and our sin;
We plead the blood of Jesus,—
  Oh, make us pure within!
We would not hide our failures,—
  We would not cloak our guilt:
For was it not to cleanse us
  That precious blood was spilt?

Then breathe Thy sweet forgiveness,
  Thy Holy Spirit's balm:
Like heavenly Dew descending
  Amid the evening calm!
Our prayer shall, like frankincense,
  Then rise before Thee, Lord;
And Thou wilt give Thy blessing
  According to Thy word!

Thus, wakeful, Lord, or sleeping,
  Thou wilt our Guardian be;
Our very life be hidden,
  Through Jesus Christ, in Thee!
O Father, hear Thy children,
  In this our evening prayer,
As thus we crave Thy blessing,
  And seek Thy loving care!

Then, as the morning breaketh,
  Our joyous song shall rise,
And blend with loftier anthems
  Beneath celestial skies!
And oft with holy longings
  We shall desire to be,
While busy with our toiling,
  For ever, Lord, with Thee!

TOUCHING JESUS.*

"Oh that I might but touch Him!
"Touch but His clothes:
"Yea, but the *hem:* His virtue
"Would cure my woes!"

In trembling faith she touched Him,—
Touched Him with power!
Her issue stanched,—she felt it,—
That self-same hour!

Saviour! Could *I* but touch Thee,—
Touch, and be whole!
I need Thy sovereign virtue
To heal my soul!

I many things have suffered
These long, long years;
My soul's life-blood is flowing,—
And hopeless tears!

For *I* am nothing bettered,—
My all is spent:
And Thou on works of healing
Art still intent!

* St Mark v. 25–34.

Oh, might I, then, but touch Thee!
  Touch *Thou* me, Lord!
Or speak,—my faith accepts it!—
  The healing word!

My hand of faith is on Thee!
  My woe shall cease!
Say now, "Thy faith hath saved thee,—
  "Depart in peace!"

"Somebody,"—"*who* hath touched" Thee?
  Yea, Lord, 'tis I!
Amid the press that throng Thee,
  I ventured nigh!

I *knew* that Thou couldst heal me,
  Though others failed:
I trembled, but I trusted,
  And faith prevailed!

My thankful heart proclaims it,
  That all may see:
"I touched Him, and He healed me,—
  "Immediately!"

Spread, Lord, Thy wings of healing
  From pole to pole!
Let all the nations touch Thee,—
  Touch, and be whole!

But *I*, with trembling gladness
  Before Thee fall,
To bless Thee for Thy healing,—
  To tell Thee all!

"Is there no Balm in Gilead?"
  Yea, there is much!
And from the Great Physician
  Health by a touch!

THE BRIDEGROOM.

The Bride "rejoiceth greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice."—St John iii. 29.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."—Psalm lxxiii. 25 (*Prayer Bk. Ver.*)

"Prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."—Rev. xxi. 2.

O Jesus! Thou hast won me,
As never bride was won!
Thy hand of love is on me,
Thou ever beauteous One!

My heart with joy is swelling,
As on Thy brow I gaze:
Fain would my lips be telling
Her thanks in glowing lays!

Oh, draw me nearer to Thee,
For I have much to say:
I would that *all* men knew Thee
As *I* know Thee to-day!

Thou art my soul's fond Treasure,
No love is like Thine own;
Its deep, o'erflowing measure
Is known to God alone!

They ask me *why* I love Thee,—
They wonder at my song:
They from Thy side would move me
To whom I now belong!

But, ah! my glad espousal
  Hath knit me to Thy heart!
Thou wouldst not take refusal,
  But wooed with sovereign art!

Then richer grew Thy beauty,
  Thy wealth of grace and love;
'Twas now a welcome duty
  To follow Thee above!

'Tis true Thy sacred features,
  Thy hands, Thy feet, Thy side,
Were scarred by sinful creatures
  When they Thy love denied:

But, oh! my Lord, each token
  My deeper love but wins!
Thy holy law was broken,—
  Our souls were dead in sins:

Then Thy supreme compassion
  Our lost estate deplored,
And Thou, in God-like fashion,
  Our heritage restored!

'Twas *then*, O gracious Master,
  Those tokens were impressed!
And, oh! my heart beats faster,—
  My tears bedew Thy breast!

Reclining there, I ponder
  On Thy great love for me:
I turn, and gaze, and wonder,—
  But then,—*'twas just like Thee!*

"Just like" my heart's true Lover,—
My Bridegroom,—constant Friend,—
His chosen bride to cover,
And, with His life, defend!

Then, shall I fail to love Thee,—
With streaming eyes to praise?
Oh, sooner death come o'er me,
Or darkness shroud my days!

No! for Thy love so tender,—
So tender and so true,—
My life in sweet surrender,
I gladly offer too!

Clad in the golden vesture,—
Thy own transcendent gift,—
In every thought and gesture
Mine eyes to Thee I lift!

Among ten thousand, Fairest,
No beauty is like Thine!
And Thou for *me* preparest
A glory all divine:

A home of royal splendour,
A throne of kingly power,
Perpetual love most tender:
A God-like Bridegroom-dower!

And soon, in glad procession,
Thy chosen spouse shall come,
To take assured possession
Of her eternal home!

E'en now the midnight darkens,
And distant sounds are heard;
Each wakeful virgin hearkens,—
Her spirit deeply stirred!

Ere long the cry resounding,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
Shall set all hearts rebounding,
Through earth, and through the tombs!

And then, from every nation,
The Bride-elect shall rise,
Escorted to her station
Beyond the riven skies!

The Palace-Gates uplifted,
The Bride shall "enter in,"
With wealth of beauty gifted,—
"All-glorious" now "within!"

Oh, hark to that sweet chanting,—
That high-toned nuptial song!
My soul, e'en now, is panting
To join the gladsome throng!

Earth's shadows disappearing,
That wished for morn shall rise;
Its dawn and Thee, Lord, nearing,
Ere long shall greet mine eyes!

Yea, Lord, my heart is yearning
To see Thee face to face,
For I would soon be learning,
The "fulness" of Thy grace!

But, do I *not* behold Thee?
Do I not feel Thee near?
Doth not Thine Arm enfold me?
Thy Voice do I not hear?

Ah, yes! each morn, each even,
Each radiant noontide hour,
Thy presence makes my heaven,—
Thou girdest me with power!

And oft, amid night's stillness,
And through the busy day,
In times of health or illness,
Then Thou hast much to say!

And, with what winning sweetness
Thy tones, like music, blend!
Oh, far too swift in fleetness
The hours which thus I spend!

I sometimes whisper, "Tell me
"The secrets of Thy way:
"Why that sore loss befell me,
"Or this sad wrong hath sway?"

And then Thou gently sayest,
"My love doth all things well:
"That for the which thou prayest,
"Thy future life shall tell!

"Be still, and wait My pleasure;
"Rest in My love for thee:
"I am thy heart's rich Treasure,—
"Thou gainest *all* in Me!"

And thus, through each day's travel,
Content with Thee beside,
I care not to unravel
What Thou in love dost hide.

And since for me Thou gavest
Thyself, and all Thou hast,
And on my heart engravest
Forgiveness for the past:

My life I now surrender,
For ever Thine to be:
'Tis but an offering slender
For such great love to me!

Yet, 'tis my only treasure:
I lay it at Thy feet,—
My wealth, my toil, my leisure,
My mind and heart complete.

All I can do or suffer
To glorify Thy name,
I now with gladness offer
To spread Thy wondrous fame!

For, art Thou not my Saviour,
My Bridegroom, Master, Lord?
Then, by my whole behaviour,
I will my love record!

Oh, come and dwell still nearer!
Dwell in my heart alone!
No love shall e'er be dearer,—
No other will I own!

And then still nearer call me
To Thy great Heart of Love!
Life *then*, whate'er befall me,
Shall only *gladness* prove!

Then nearer, nearer bringing,
Until I see Thy face,
My tuneful spirit singing
Thy full, Thy wondrous grace.

In Thy loved arms enfolded,
My grateful soul shall rest,
For heavenly service moulded,
Upon Thy loving breast!

Thus, Jesus, Thou hast won me,
As never bride was won!
Thus shall Thy hand be on me
Till life's brief work is done!

Then, 'mid the Palace glory,
The Bride's sweet home for aye,
I'll tell Thy love's grand story
Through that long Wedding-Day!

"MASTER!"

"Ye call Me Master and Lord (Ὁ Διδάσκαλος καὶ ὁ Κύριος), and ye say well, for so I am."—St John xiii. 13.

Master, belovèd Master!
What name to me so dear?
My Saviour? Yea, but *Master*
Hath brought me still more near!—

To sit in loving converse,
Spell-bound to hear Thee speak;
Only by *looks* enquiring
The answer that I seek!

Disciple first,—then servant,—
Who would not serve the King?
Love hath a winning ardour
Yet other souls to bring!

Wisdom's perennial Fountain,
Still let me drink of Thee!
Thy love my strength for service
Each moment then shall be!

Master! Divine Instructor!
Master,—my gracious Friend!
Master,—my Lord,—my Sovereign!
When shall life's sojourn end?

I hear Thee,—but to *see* Thee,—
  Oh, the enrapturing sight!
Not as by *faith* beholden,
  In time's dim winter-light:

But radiant in Thy glory,
  Brighter than myriad suns,
Encircled by the splendour
  Of all Thy shining ones!

Then, O, my loving Master,
  I'll serve Thee as I ought;
In perfect love fulfilling
  The lessons Thou hast taught!

But while I still am learning
  Those lessons day by day,
Compassionate my dulness,
  My oft erratic way!

But, Master, gracious Master,—
  My Sovereign, Teacher, Friend,—
To be *Thy* loved disciple,—
  Life in *Thy* service spend!—

Oh, peerless exaltation!
  Master, in lowly joy,
I seek Thine inspiration
  For such august employ:

Let me be ever winning
  Disciples unto Thee,—
Co-partners in Thy service
  For evermore to be!

"CHRIST IS ALL."

* Col. iii. 11.

Christ is all,—yea, more than all:
  Shall I doubt, then? Shall I fear?
What though even death appal,
  Christ, Omnipotent, is near!

Fulness of the Godhead,—He
  Gifts me with a power divine:
Rich in every grace to be,—
  For in Him all things are mine!

"Christ is all," then, I will sing;
  All my works in Him be wrought:
Self cast out,—that He may bring,
  Captive, every wayward thought!

Oh the joy when Christ is reigning,—
  Mighty in His gentle sway:
Precious souls through me obtaining
  To His sceptre day by day!

"Christ is all," then, "more than all,"—
  Who as I the strain can sing?
Saved,—no wrath on *me* shall fall,—
  Christ is now my Saviour-King!

Brother! hast thou sought and found
  Rest in Him 'mid earthly strife?
Peace and joy through Him abound,—
  Preludes of eternal life!

Lift thy heart,—oh, taste and see,—
  Grace abounding,—Christ thy *all*,—
Christ, who gave *Himself* for thee:
  Hearken to His loving call!

Rise and meet Him! Fling away
  Pride and each besetting sin!
"More than all," beneath His sway,
  Thou shalt gain,—yea, *heaven* shalt win!

Christ is all! Oh, Christian, hear it!
  Is He "all in all" to *thee?*
Sorrow,—doth His love endear it?
  Is Christ's service liberty?

Ah! thou canst not answer "Yes!"
  Thou art empty, weak, and faint!
Yet thy Saviour would thee bless
  With His *fulness*, doubting saint!

Christ is all,—yea, more than all!
  Trust Him,—trust Him utterly!
Mountains, faith-besieged, shall fall,—
  Then shall Christ be "ALL" to thee!

All to thee, and dearer far
  Than thy kindred or thy wealth;
Dearer than earth's glories are,—
  Dearer still than life, than health!

Saviour, Intercessor, King;
  Surety, Brother, Teacher, Friend:
Help me, Lord, Thy praise to sing
  Till Thy work in me shall end!

All my Hope, my Righteousness;
  All my Strength, my Joy, my Peace;
All my *life*,—canst Thou be less
  Than my *all* till conflict cease?

"Christ is all," then,—all to me,—
  "Christ is *more* than all," I sing!
Brother! shall not *thy* song be,
  "Christ to *me* is everything?"

Sing, O sing the joyful strain!
  Warfare here will soon be o'er!
Living, "Christ,"—and *dying*, "gain,"—
  "Christ is all,"—now, evermore!

"IN THE SHADOW OF HIS HAND HATH HE HID ME."

ISA. xlix. 2.

IN the shadow of His Hand hath He hid me!
Then may I not sing of His love?
Shall the fear of derision forbid me
My grateful devotion to prove?

Let me sing! For my lips would be telling
How true and how loving is God;
And my heart is with gratitude swelling,
Remembering the way I have trod![1]

'Twas the mighty JEHOVAH who hid me,—
JEHOVAH, the Ancient of Days![2]
From the power of the tempter to rid me,
And waken my rapturous praise!

And shall I, who am nothing before Him,
Not sing of His marvellous love?
Yea, till death! Till in heaven I adore Him,—
His glorious Pavilion[3] above!

When the blast of the terrible swelleth,[4]
To hide in the shade of His wings!
His love's Secret Place,[5] where He telleth
His own of His wonderful things:[6]

[1] Deut. viii. 2. [2] Dan. vii. 9. [3] Ps. xxvii. 5.
[4] Isa. xxv. 4. [5] Ps. xxxi. 20. [6] Ps. cxix. 18.

Of His fulness of love; of the glory
Reserved for the faithful in heaven:
Where the Spirit unveileth the story
How Christ for a Ransom was given:

In the Shadow of GOD! Yea, in union
With LIFE at its sweet Fountain-Head,—
O the joy of such blissful communion!
Hast *thou* to that Covert[1] been led?

In each sorrow, bereavement, temptation,
In Satan's attacks, full of guile,
'Tis our *life*,—yea, 'tis instant salvation,—
To rest in that Covert awhile!

Then the Shadow of God shall be o'er me,—
The Cloud of His Presence[2] be near;
For I know not the danger before me;
Yet, trusting, have nothing to fear!

I am sure that He will not forsake me,
Though compassed with peril I stand;
I am safe till to heaven He shall take me,
Hedged round[3] by the Shade of His Hand!

I will sing, then, whoever forbid me,
(Hereafter still worthier lays!)
Of the love of JEHOVAH, who hid me
In these my pilgrimage-days!

[1] Isa. xxxii. 2. [2] Numb. x. 34. [3] Job i. 10.

"BE STILL."

PSALM xlvi. 10.

BE still! The Lord is working!
Thou canst not see,—thou canst not hear;
Yet shall His Image, graven
In beauteous heart-lines, soon appear:
Be still!

The dew descends in silence;
The sunbeam hath a noiseless tread,
Life, wealth, and beauty sowing;
And fertile power is o'er *thee* spread,—
Be still!

"But darkling storms are surging;
"Doubts, fear, inquiet thoughts, prevail:
"Soul-calm when *sin* is reigning,—
"When fierce temptations me assail,
"'Be still':

"Oh, could I *not* be anxious!
"*Could* I 'be still' 'mid vexing strife!
"But, ah! 'tis vain, 'tis hopeless!
"The requiem shall but close my life,—
"Be still!"

Not so! serenely tranquil
Floweth the hidden life of faith:
Amid the 'wildering tempest
Is "perfect peace," whene'er God saith
"Be still!"

And even *now* He speaketh:
"'Be still, and know that I am God!'
"When joy thy bosom filleth,—
"And when thou passest 'neath the rod,
"Be still!

"Be still amid temptation:
"Hide, then, beneath My sheltering Wings!
"When cherished hopes are fading,
"And wanes the joy of earthly things,—
"Be still!

"I send them all,—as tokens
"Of My unceasing, tender care!
"If thou wouldst hear their voices,
"Let holy calm thy heart prepare,—
"Be still!"

Then, even so, my Father!
Speak as Thou wilt, by whom, and when:
To hear Thy faintest whisper
Calm *Thou* my heart,—so shall it then
Be still!

In silent awe, to "know" Thee,
As "nigh at hand," though dark my way:
Then will I, Lord, till knowing
As known, in Time's grand final day,
Be still!

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

We crave Thy blessing, Father,
On this our daily bread:
Once more, upon life's journey,
Thou hast our table spread:
These are Thy gifts,—we thank Thee:
We bless Thy fostering care:
Oh, may Thy love befriend us
Henceforth, and everywhere!

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

We thank Thee, gracious Father;
Thy love our life demands!
Then, Lord, we humbly place it,
For all things, in Thy Hands!
To life eternal nourish
Our souls with Heavenly Bread;
And be our footsteps daily
To Thee still nearer led!

PRAISE GOD!

PRAISE GOD! The heavens praise Him!
Sun, moon, and stars, His love recite!
Earth's myriad voices raise Him
Sweet carols of serene delight!
And shall no grateful song
Rise from *my* heart, *my* tongue?

Cherubic choirs are leading
Celestial hosts in songs of love,—
With joy all joys exceeding:
And shall no thrill *my* bosom move?
Can *I* be dumb while they
Such love, such reverence, pay?

Awake, awake, my glory!
I, too, the universal strain,—
The love-inspiring story,—
Will sing, with heart and voice amain!
For who as *I* should sing,—
A richer tribute bring?

A prodigal, He found me
Straying amid the wilds of sin;
Then with His Arms around me,
With tenderest love He brought me in:
Shall I forget the ring?
Not of the welcome sing?

Thus, clothed with loving-kindness,
The kiss of peace upon my brow,—
(Once I rejoiced in blindness,
In sin, in misery,)—but *now*
His love—(He gave me sight!)—
Hath filled me with delight!

Now living streams of gladness
Well from my heart in ceaseless flow:
Wouldst *thou* be free from sadness?
Then let thy spirit upward go,
Flinging its song abroad
Beneath the skies of God!

Let all men hear thee singing!
The nearer heaven more widely heard!
Sing with thy *life*,—thus bringing
A joy-thrill by a look or word!
Sorrow hath wide domain:
Earth needs a blither strain!

Then praise the Lord! Ascending
At day-break, noon, or dead of night,
Thy songs, with angels' blending,
Shall tell of Everlasting Light,—
The Lord of Glory,—near:
And death disrobed of fear!

"IN THE MORNING."

Eccles. xi. 6.

What shall I do in the morning,
When daylight floodeth the sky,—
When the song of the birds, a carillon,
Chimeth its welcome on high?

What shall I do in the morning?
Is there no singing for me?
No mounting upward? No service,
In gratitude, Lord, to Thee?

What shall I do in the morning?
Shall I need strength on my way?
Oh, then, in the morning, early,
Shall I not fervently pray?

What shall I do in the morning?
O there is plenty to do!
Each hour will be filled with duty,
Perchance with suffering too!

What shall I do in the morning?
Are there no hungry to feed?
No broken-hearted to comfort?
No erring ones back to lead?

Yea! and betimes in the morning,
  Till fall the shadows of eve,
My heart, my hands, shall be busy,
  Seeking their wants to relieve:

Comforting mourners in Zion,
  Assisting those in distress;
Bringing lost souls to the Saviour,—
  Thus living only to bless!

What shall *I* do in the morning?
  Nothing, O Lord, without Thee!
Thou art my Strength and my Wisdom,
  And All-in-all unto me!

Then in the morning, at noonday,
  When fades the westering light,
My heart of Thee shall be singing,—
  Preluding songs in the night!

Singing, and throwing the halo
  Of joy, of peace, on the home,
And scattering seed for a harvest
  Of love wherever I roam!

Thus will I do in the morning,
  Thus will I do through the day:
Singing shall blend with my working,
  And cheer my heavenward way!

But in the morn of all mornings,
  When from the grave I shall rise,—
What shall I do? I will hasten
  To meet Thee, Lord, in the skies!

Soaring with infinite gladness,
  Unknown, undreamt of, I'll cleave,
Swift as an eagle, the zenith,
  Thy sweet "Well Done" to receive!

Then, with the host of the blessèd,
  Entering the joy of my Lord,
Shall I, in song-blended service,
  Find my "Exceeding Reward!"

"TRUTH, LORD!"

St Matt. xv. 22–28.

Truth, Lord! I *am* an alien!
I have no claim on Thee:
Yet, O Thou Son of David,
Wilt Thou not pity me?

Truth, Lord! I *am* unworthy!
Nor ask the children's bread:
Yet from their masters' table
The dogs with crumbs are fed!

Lord, help me!—Thou art silent:
Speak now the healing word!
Oh, heed not Thy disciples,
But help me, gracious Lord!

. . . . .

Ah! sorely tried persistence!
How rich is thy reward!
At length the sought for blessing
Is granted by the Lord!

"Great is thy faith," ("He speaketh!")
"Great is thy faith in Me:
"Then, even as thou willest,
"So be it unto thee!"

. . . . .

Happy Syrophenician!
I would thy blessing share:
Faith such as thine constraineth
The Hand of God through prayer!

Hear *me*, Thou Son of David!
O let *my* suit prevail:
I, too, am but a stranger,
And *mine* a plaintive tale!

Wilt Thou not have compassion?
O be not silent, Lord!
I have no claim for mercy,
But only through Thy Word!

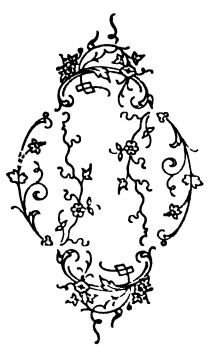
"Come unto Me," Thou sayest,
"And I will give thee rest!"
Behold me, Saviour, pleading,—
Weary and sore distrest!

Oh, let Thy sovereign pity
To me extend its power!
Lord Jesus, be not silent,—
Canst Thou not save this hour?

I know Thou canst! This moment
Thou wilt,—Thou *dost*,—reply!
O blessed Lord, I thank Thee,—
For Thou hast heard my cry!

"Truth, Lord!" I *was* an alien,
But Thou hast brought me in!
"Truth, Lord!" I *am* unworthy
Such love, such grace, to win!

Yea, *all* is "truth,"—Thy mercy
As my unworthiness:
And "truth" that now *for ever*
Thou wilt Thy servant bless!



BAPTISMAL HYMN.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—ST MARK x. 14.

O JESUS, full of tenderness,
As in the days of old,
Hear us, we pray; our service bless,—
This little lamb enfold.

Thou still art passing by, O Lord,
And still Thy Voice we hear:
Obedient to Thy gracious Word
We now in faith draw near.

Come, lay Thy Hand upon this child,—
Thy Holy Spirit give:
Gentle as Thou wert, Lord, and mild,
O let him ever live.

Protect and bless his infant days;
Then shield his riper years;
Guide him through life in all his ways,
Until Thy rest he nears.

Then bid him come to Thee once more,
Thy glorious Face to see,
To dwell with Thee,—Thy love adore,—
Through all eternity!

"SING PRAISES!"

"Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises. . . . . Sing ye praises with understanding."—PSALM xlvii. 6, 7.

SING praises to our God, sing praises!
Canst thou *no* tribute bring?
Thy cheerful heart a song upraises
To many another king!

With love like His thy home surrounding,
That would thy heart constrain,—
Its music through each hour resounding,—
Canst thou from song refrain?

Praise for the righteous, too, is comely:
Perchance thou art not such?
Oh, could thy heart but answer dumbly
Wert thou forgiven much?

Thou canst not sing till Jesus purge thee,—
Till thou from guilt art freed:
Then grateful love to praise shall urge thee,—
Then wilt thou sing indeed!

The saints of God delight in singing:
The angels' sweet employ!
O'er time's dark scenes a glory flinging,
It turneth grief to joy!

Sing praises, then! O sing ye praises,
Ye saints of God Most High!
Your thoughts too deep for love's trite phrases,—
Your heart beyond the sky!

Yea, sing! But let your song be lowly,
For by His grace ye stand:
The humblest souls are the most holy,—
Upheld by His Right Hand.*

Singing prepares the soul for heaven,
Where joy in fulness reigns:
For heart, for home, a gracious leaven,—
What for the heavenly plains?

Then of the *Father's* love be singing;
And of the tender grace,—
Mighty to save,—of *Jesus*, bringing
Help to our fallen race:

The Comforter, the *Holy Spirit*,
Join in your lowly songs:
For to the Triune God the merit,
And all the praise, belongs!

Sing praises, then! O sing ye praises!
With understanding sing,—
Till each enraptured spirit gazes
Upon our beauteous King!

Then we shall sing! Yea, sing as never
In these our pilgrim-days,
Unfaltering strains, uprising ever,
Of love-enkindled praise!

* Ps. xviii. 35.

"GOD ALMIGHTY BLESS THEE!"

GEN. xxviii. 3.

'MID changing scenes and perilous ways,
Almighty Love enshield thy days:
Thou hast no bulwark like His power,
And thou wilt need it every hour,—
Then, *God Almighty bless thee!*

Thy fathers' God, and *thine*,—their Friend,
With Whom they walked,—*thy* path attend:
Thy going out, thy coming in, watch o'er;
With loving-kindness crown thee evermore:
Yea, *God Almighty bless thee!*

Temptation, with its cunning snares,
Will seek to catch thee unawares:
The "Wisdom from Above" thy Guide,
So shall thy footsteps never slide:
Thus *God Almighty bless thee!*

The sparks fly upward,—sorrow comes,
In weird enchantment, on our homes:
If stern affliction lay *thee* low,—
Crush all thy hopes,—thy schemes o'erthrow,—
Then *God Almighty bless thee!*

Yes, *then!*—amid the desolating blight,
His Countenance *then* give thee light!
Joy springeth, and a peace untold,
When He doth *love* in *grief* unfold!
Thus *God Almighty bless thee!*

Yea, until death, thro' *all* thy days,—
Protecting, guiding, all thy ways,—
Filling thy heart with gladness, still,
Though *sorrow* be His holy will,—
May *God Almighty bless thee!*

"Cast thy Burden upon the Lord."

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."—Ps. lv. 22.

O cast thy burden on the Lord!
Thou hast no safeguard like His Word,
In life or death!
No tittle of that Word shall fail,
Though change o'er heaven and earth prevail,
Immanuel saith!

Then cast thy burden on the Lord!
Trust an exceeding great reward
At once obtains!
Care flees, and sorrow's tears are dried:
The burdens of THE CRUCIFIED
Were griefs and pains!

And He hath borne them all for THEE!
From sin's dominion thou are free,—
"Only believe"!
Let fear begone, and fretting cease!
His own sweet gift of "perfect peace"
Thou wilt receive!

Then cast thy burden on the Lord!
To Him thy heart's full love accord,
And, trusting, sing!
Sing that thy Father knoweth best!
He knoweth ALL! Then leave the rest,—
"THE LORD is KING"!

Miscellaneous Poems.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE CHRISTIAN AS HE OUGHT TO BE:

A PORTRAIT DRAWN FROM THE INSPIRED RECORDS.

"*Whose is this Image and Superscription?*"
"The Image and Glory of God."
(1 Cor. xi. 7.)

"If any man be in Christ, he is a *new creature:* old things are passed away; behold, *all* things are become *new.*"—2 Cor. v. 17.

The Christian is *Thy* handiwork, O God!
His portrait, too, must be a thing of life
Inspired of Thee! Conception fails, though tints,
And lines of thought, and lineaments, Thy Word
Hath shed profusely. God-like rises man,
From Adam's fall, beneath these master-strokes.
"Colouring of Eastern fancy," unbelief,
In bold assertion, contradicts. But, *no!*
That Word is *true*, in all it says, and more
Than we can guess lies unrevealed! For man
Hath high capacities of thought and power,

And *yearnings* for a nobler sphere! Then come,
Thou new-creating Spirit! Guide my heart,
Instruct my mind, and let my pen
Fill in, through Thee, with vivid power, the lines
Which Thou hast traced! And stir our faithless hearts
To be transfigured, in their new creation, like
Thine own design! In weakness be my strength!

I.

The Christian is a man of *power*. He treads
The lion-sin, the adder-evil, down.
Breasting grief-billows, he supremely rides
Their crested waves, and fears not, though the storm
In fury lash the heavens! His power is Christ's;
And, clothed in it, the serried hosts of men
And devils flee amazed! His word, his look,
Hurls them, as craven cowards, to the ground!
He can do *all* things in that power! Its force
Self owns and flees; while inbred sin is slain.
Temptation withers, scorched by Love's bright ray.
His life hath power for suffering as for work,—
For calm endurance. Mountains, to his faith,
Yield, and are planted in the sea. He prays,—
Hath "power with God,"—prevails;—Omnipotence
Gives ear, and furthers his request. Such power
Is "marvellous," because "all might," the "glorious power"
Of *God!* His own is weakness; and 'tis when
He feels it *nothing*, he is clothed with strength,
The strength of *God!*

II.

Hath any seen the like?
It matters not! Behold the picture God
Hath drawn of what we *should* be! Mark again:
The Christian is a man of *truth*. A lie?
He scorns it as a devil's brand. To wrong

In thought, much more in deed, is agony.
He would repay a thousand-fold a hurt,
Though a mischance. His brother's faults he hides.
His word, a bond, with God as witness, binds
Unfailingly. Prevarication, twists,—
With cunning, subterfuge, evasion, skill
In wresting words or deeds, to answer ends
Of proud self-will, he knows not. Nor would tongue
Or pen ungentle word express. His "yea"
Is "yea;" his "nay" is "nay." For clothed in *love*,—
In love *divine*,—his girdle *truth*,—he lives
"As seeing the Invisible,"—as *seen*
By Him, in *thought* as well as deed and word.

III.

Again I ask, Hath any seen the like?
And once again reply, It matters not!
There *have* been, and there *are*, the like; though now,
The standard fallen, Christians bear the *name*,
Though not the *power!* But see! God paints
The Christian as a man of *purity*.
Lust slinks away, immodesty retreats,
Abashed, before his gaze, as darkness flees
Before the sun. For "holiness" is graved
Upon his heart; and all the sacred brood
Of chaste desires and feelings wing their flight
At the first breath of evil. Purity,
That *seeth* God, and *feels* His Presence, blends
Its influence with the powers of life, and fills
The heart, the home, the world, with fragrancy,—
Frankincense of the life of God!

IV.

Then *love*,
The "light of heaven," around the Christian throws
Its mellow rays. Forth from his inmost heart,

It shines in every look, and word, and deed!
The "gentleness" of God hath "made" him "great;"
So that "the meekness and the gentleness
Of Christ" pervade his life. "In quietness
And confidence" his "strength," he calmly waits
The issue of perplexities. The *world*
Knows not this gift, so calls the meekness
Cowardice! Forgiving, he would fain forget.
Unsolved enigmas bide the welcome day
Of the unveiling of all hearts. His love
Is pure and fervent, covering a multitude
Of sins, to seventy-times seven misdeeds.
As God is love, and compasses the world
Of sinners in His wide embrace, so he
Is clothed in charity that never fails.
He breathes the atmosphere of heaven long ere
He reaches that abode. God dwells in him,
And he in God. And hence, surcharged with love,
And so with *God*, his radiant life foretells
The life of heaven!
What rude burlesque the lives
Of thousands who profess His Name! But yet,
The picture, outlined by unerring Truth,
Portrays God's vast design, and seeks to win
Us to its altitude. A Christian should be like
To God as *Jesus* was! Oh, by Thy power,
Thou God of Love, transform our souls until
We shine in Thy sweet Image, and no more
Belie our heavenly origin!

v.

The power,—
The secret-spring? It lies above the hills,—
The loftiest mountain peaks. It lies in *God!*
The Christian is a man of *prayer*. He talks,
And therefore walks, with God, as truly as

(But, oh! with awful reverence!) a man
Converses with his friend! Reality
Marks all his prayers. The work of *faith.* He asks,
And has, because he doubts not, but *believes.*
His life is prayer, his every breath! He asks,
And looks for answers. Yet he leaves the whole
To the wise love of Him who loves him so,
His Father-God! All sins and wants and cares
He tells to Him, and begs Him search and prove
His heart, and cleanse it utterly. The Throne
Lies ever open to his eager gaze.
Electric sympathy established, heaven
Draws nearer daily. Messages of love
Vibrate in thrilling power to faith's sure hand!
And mercy, grace, and peace, o'erflow the life
That springs from God in prayer.
The secret, then,
Of all the power, the truth, the purity,
The love, is this. The Christian lives by *prayer;*
And feeble lives, lives of untruth, of hate,
Or of impurity, are lives that lack
The power of *prayer!* Such lives have fear, and no
Assurance. They sin, and hope for pardon.
They smother over and forget their sins.
Putting much to *infirmity,* they fall
The oftener, and 'twould seem as if they liked
Transgression! till one cries, "Is this a saint—
A child of God?" And Infidelity,
With cutting truth, derides the make-believe!
Oh, "Christians" of this stamp, how many souls
Have ye cast down by your "infirmities?"
But for God's grace, that turned mine eyes to *Him*
From *men,* my soul had now been overthrown!
Untruth in "Christians!" Hatred, too, and wrong!
And subtle subterfuges! And yet ye think,
Or *hope,* to be accepted by the Lord!

Dispel the dangerous, the vain, conceit!
Others like to yourselves may count you "good,"
But does *the Lord?* Ask *Him!* His "still, small voice"
Is silent, saving to reproach! His Name
Dishonoured every day, how can He speak,
Except in anger? Oh, implore Him now
To pardon all your wrong! A contrite heart
Is welcome to Him! See the grand design
His love portrays for every child of God!
"Perfect, entire:" perfect in truth and love,—
Perfect in holiness, and "wanting nothing," you,
"Blameless, and unreprovable," shall walk
As *pattern* Christians, loved of God and men!

. . . . . .

As yet the picture is but partly drawn!
The grand nobility of Son of God,
Heir of Jehovah, "one" in life with Him,
Holding sweet fellowship with Him each day,
Filled with His Spirit, clothed with "mighty power,"—
The "power of *God*,"—endued with wisdom, love,
And His own peace: enshielded, guided, blest,—
A "temple of the Holy Ghost,"—*indwelling God!*
With *heaven* before him as his future Home,—
But human language fails! Our highest thought,
Our richest fancy, soars but to the *fringe*,
The outskirts, of the blessedness assured
To faith's unwavering hand!
But, see this man,
This "man of God," this "perfect man,"—how *pure*
His life! How *lowly* is he, yet how *great!*
How beautiful the texture of his *mind!*
What gentleness in all his *words* and *deeds!*
The river of his *inner* life flows on,
Sparkling with light,—God's smile! Men know him as
Of heavenly birth! They mark his carriage: it
Betokens Whose he *is* and Whom he *serves!*

Truth fills his life! And *love* engirdles all
With sweetness, light, and power! Oh, happy man,
Whose life, a lamp to all, shines brighter still
As dawns its "perfect day!" We mark thee well,—
Thy *end* is *peace!* No fear beclouds thy brow,
For God is *with* thee, *in* thee! Soon thy Home
Shall throw its portals wide to welcome thee!
Here thou art a stranger, sojourner,—but *there*
Thou wilt enjoy that *fellowship* with God,
Whose veilèd whisperings are *now* so sweet,
In open, full communion!

. . . . . .

Such Thy son,
O God, *should* be! "Impossible!" To *unbelief:*
But gloriously possible to *faith!*
Impart that faith, my Father! I, Thy *son,*
Beseech thee; for in worthiness I fain
Would walk of my high calling, and become
A *Christian,*—Christ-like,—God-like: changed
"From glory unto glory,"—"satisfied,"
At length, to "see Thy face in righteousness,"
And in Thy perfect "likeness" to "awake!"

"LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS":

(ON THE TEMPORARY BLINDNESS OF A BELOVED RELATIVE.)

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."—PSALM cxii. 4.

"The Lord is my Light and my Salvation."—PSALM xxvii. 1.

"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—ST JOHN viii. 12.

I THOUGHT, as years sped on, and I was left
To tread life's path alone,—
Of fond parental care at last bereft,
My heart a living stone,—.
"Truly my cup of earthly woe is full,
"And nevermore shall joy my spirit rule!"

The years went by, and hope lit up my days,
For I was not alone!
Perpetual mercy woke my song of praise!
From His exalted Throne
The Eternal Father knew my every fear,
And bade me, in His gracious love, draw near!

Then, with a grateful joy, my steps I bent
To be with Him alone!
"Let all my hours," I cried, "be with Thee spent,—
"Make Thy sweet presence known!"
He answered, in the fulness of His love,—
Yet, first, my heart's sincerity would prove.

He veiled me from the sight of things around,
To see Himself alone!

Anointing then my inward eyes, I found
  Mine idols overthrown,
And, in their place, an all-sufficient Friend,
Whose grace and truth the highest thought transcend!

With trembling awe my soul bowed down to hear,
  While thus with Him alone,
His gracious will. He bade me not to fear,
  And whispered, "Joy is sown
"For righteous souls,—for the true-hearted, light:
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

And, listening thus, He told me things that I,
  Till thus with Him alone,
Had thought but sweetest imagery,—too high,
  In their celestial tone,
For mortals *here* to realise as their true life,
Oppressed by sin, by labour, and by strife!

He taught me how to trust Him in the dark,
  In those blest hours alone!—
The darkness of His ways,—and bade me hark
  To love's sweet undertone,
Amid the noisy turmoil of each day;
And ever near His helpful Hand to stay!

In those dark hours, so full of holy light,—
  Shut in with God alone,—
My soul exclaimed, "Thou doest all things right,—
  "Thy loving power I own!
"Then, 'even so, my Father,' for Thy grace
"Has brought me to behold Thy beauteous Face!"

And thus I came to "pass beneath the rod,"—
  To cleave to Him alone,—
That I might know all fulness dwells in God,—
  Fulness of grace made known

When heart and flesh their quivering, aching smart,
Have learnt to heal from the Great Father's Heart!

And now the lesson of that solemn time,
  Acquired from God alone,
I strive to practise in the morning prime,
  And when the day is flown.
I listen for Him 'mid life's busy hum,
And often hear Him bid me nearer come!

The curtain has been raised, and still 'tis light,—
  The light of the dark "alone"!
Within, without, above, around, how bright!
  The brightness of God's Throne!
The "glory" of that "light affliction" shines
More brightly as my earthly sun declines.

To that blest Father, then, who in the day—
  Apart with Him alone—
When clouds upon my wearied spirit lay,
  And hope was nigh o'erthrown,
"Spake," and 'twas "light," my fervent praise is due,
And shall be paid in service pure and true!

But, oh! what service can that love repay,
  Shown to me when "alone,"—
"Alone," and yet, oh, blessed truth! that day
  Alone with God alone!
The noblest work, the loftiest songs, are vain:
Not highest seraph can my debt explain!

"One thing I know"—and for it bless the Lord,—
  That, ere with Him alone,
I *then* "was blind," but, at His gracious word,
  I "saw," and now I own,
With grateful joy, "I SEE;" and all my days,
And through eternity, will sing His praise!

"INASMUCH!"

St Matt. xxv. 34–40.

Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking,—
Satan yet his quiver fills!
Laughter? Yes, as he the venom
Of his poisoned shaft instils!

Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking;
Sorrow cloudeth many a home!
Sin and Death are making havoc,—
Swift their silent javelins come!

Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking,
Everywhere throughout the world;
Polished cities, heathen nations,
To one common misery hurled!

Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking:
Let the slumbering Christian know!
Hath he not a God-like mission
To confront the murderous foe?

Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking,
Let him bring the oil and wine!
Sympathy and ready succour
Are a medicine divine!

Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking:
  Satan lives, but we may foil
All his manifold devices,—
  Rob him of his noble spoil!

Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking:
  Haste thee, Christian! Let thy joy
Be to dress the wounded spirits,
  And the power of sin destroy!

Yes! 'tis thine to bring a cordial
  To a fainting brother's heart!
Angels watch with admiration
  While thou dost a brother's part!

Speak the word so true, so healing!
  Pay the cost, whate'er the sum!
Life's great work is self-surrender;
  And its prayer, "Thy kingdom come!"

And, ere long, thy Saviour's welcome
  "Inasmuch," thy crown shall be:
"All thy patience, self-denial,—
  "All thy travail,—was to *Me!*"

"Come, thou blessed of My Father,"
  (More than kingly recompense!)
"For *My* Stranger-Heart was wounded,
  "And for *Me* were given thy pence!

"*I* was naked,—*I* was hungry,—
  "In thy toil-worn brother-men,
"Hearts were aching, hearts were breaking,
  "Comforted was *My* heart then!

"Comforted, in thy devotion
"To the sick, the lost, the poor;
"For thy love to these My brethren
"Endless joys for thee are sure!"

Hearts are aching, hearts are breaking;
Up, then, Christians, work to-day!
Hear ye not by faith the blessèd
"Inasmuch" your Lord will say?

"Unto *Me!*" Transcendent honour!
Wouldest thou unwearied be,
Binding up the broken-hearted?
Hear Him whisper, "*Unto Me!*"

THE SANCTUARY OF THE TRUTH:

AN ALLEGORY, IN WHICH THE PROFOUND DOCTRINES OF OUR HOLY RELIGION APPEAR AS THE SEVERAL PARTS OF A GLORIOUS *TEMPLE*, DESIGNED NOT FOR THE EXERCISE OF MAN'S INGENUITY AS TO ITS *CONSTRUCTION*, BUT FOR HIS REVERENT *ADORATION*.

"We have thought of Thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy Temple."—PSALM xlviii. 9.

"Strength and Beauty are in His Sanctuary."—PSALM xcvi. 6.

"Lift up your hands in the Sanctuary, and bless the Lord."—PSALM cxxxiv. 2.

IMMORTAL Truth, immortal Love,
Around The Cross entwined,—
Unveiled in forms of beauty, prove
God's love still undefined!

Yet, typified, those hallowed themes
The soul's deep love invite;
Unfolding splendours, rich in beams
Of God's own "Marvellous Light!"

And thus "The Truth in Jesus" glows,
In "Seven-Fold Light," our "Sun;"
And, as a *Temple*, grandly shows
His "Truth" and "Love" in one!

Piercing the heavens, a "Rock"-built Shrine,
With span from "sea to sea,"—
Its beauty, Lord, its vast design,
Thy Love's Grand Mystery!

This Temple of Thy sovereign grace
Hath deep *foundations* laid,
In counsels mind can never trace,
Before the world was made!

Its *Buttresses*, Thy faithful Word,
Thy Changeless Love convey;
By storms of human thought unstirred,
Through time's eventful day!

Its *Pillars*, *Arches*, vaulted *Dome*,
In stately grandeur rise:
Proportions worthy of Thy Home
Beyond the telling skies.

Inscribed above the Temple-*Gate*
Are words of heavenly grace:
"God's Mercy, Peace, and Love await
"The blood-bought Human Race!"

Circling the inner walls, the scroll
"Salvation to our God!"
Wakes the deep echoes of the soul,
As these high courts are trod!

Each *Pillar* tells for whom Christ died,—
"Foreknown and Chosen, Called;"
"Made willing, Pardoned, Justified;"
"In Jesus' heart installed!"

Then "Sanctified," and "All through Life
"Upheld by Sovereign Grace;"
"Protected, Guided, Calmed in Strife,
"In every Time and Place!"

"Taught of the Lord," and "Filled with Peace,"
"As Burning Lights they shine;"
"Their Fruits of Righteousness increase;"
"Rich with a Grace Divine!"

And, as each graphic *Pillar* saith,
"God is their Strength and Guide,"
The *Central Shaft*, to crown their faith,
Foretells them "Glorified!"

A thousand Columns thus unfold
God's ancient love for man;
And, in the truths thereon enscrolled,
We trace our life's true plan.

Each lofty *Arch* is eloquent
Of the *Redeemer's grace:*—
"The 'Mighty God' Omnipotent
"Was born of Adam's race!"

"Cradled in poverty!" "Despised,
"Disowned, Oppressed, Betrayed!"
"Forsaken, Thorn-Crowned, Mocked, Chastised;"
"For Sin an Offering made!"

"He poured His Soul out unto Death!"
"Was numbered with the lost!"—
Trembling with awe, with holden breath,
I learn Salvation's cost!

Oh! now my heart's melodious chimes
Ring out a grateful peal!
Ten thousand thoughts, love's silver rhymes,
My richer life reveal!

"**Faith, Hope, and Love**,"—a tuneful choir,—
Strike the heart's deeper chords,
And silent melodies inspire,
More eloquent than words!

As thus mine eyes, around, above,
The Shrine in gladness roam,—
"**Loved with an Everlasting Love**"
Circles the lofty *Dome!*

And now the "**Glory of the Lord**,"—
His **Love**,—the Temple fills!
In this refulgent **Light** each word
Anew my spirit thrills!

Swift to the *Altar* spring my feet;
My choicest offering there
I place, embalmed in fragrance meet,—
The **Frankincense of Prayer**!

And canst *thou* lightly gaze upon
These autographs of "**Love**,"—
Seeking to know the springs anon
Which sovereign "**Wisdom**" move?

Canst thou to sing that love decline,
Till *mind* the problem solve
How the Great Architect Divine
Could life from death evolve?

A Temple of **Immortal Life**
From death's wide ruins sprang;
Where sin and pain and grief were rife,
And hell's dread tocsin rang!

Behold this grand symbolic Shrine!
Its boundless range explore!
The skill admire,—'tis Love's design!
Then wonderingly adore!

O'erwhelmed with joy, but filled with awe,
Each peerless truth embrace;
Let doubt, mistrust, and fear withdraw
Before the *Throne of Grace!*

Behold that Throne! Approach! Bend low!
Then read the sign above:
The circlet of an emerald Bow
Tells of God's faithful Love!

Now raise aloft the pealing strain!
Let all thy powers combine
That glowing songs of Trust shall reign
In Love's Thrice Holy Shrine!

THE HOSTS OF THE REDEEMED:

THE GATHERED AND THE GATHERING.

I SING the faith of God's elect:[1]
Wealth to enrich,—might to protect;—
Whose hand unveileth to my gaze
The splendour of the coming days!

Hail, precious faith![2] Thy marvellous light,[3]
Aurora of the world's dark night,
Is *God's own* light, in which I see
Foregleamings of eternity![4]

"From glory unto glory" wings
The life of faith; new gladness brings,
A joy unspeakable, to hear
The Voice of God, to feel Him near!

"As *seeing* the Invisible"!
Yes! faith can make it possible,—
"The pure in heart see God" *to-day*,
While pressing on their heavenward way!

"BELIEVE AND LIVE," inscribed on high,
Bids me all doubt and fear defy!
O Lord, I, startled, gaze, but know
Thou wilt yet *greater* wonders show!

[1] Titus i. 1. [2] 2 St Peter i. 1. [3] 1 St Peter ii. 9. [4] Ps. xxxvi. 9.

Now clear the Sacred Record shines,
In all its glorious, heaven-writ lines:
Each word reveals a wealth of lore,—
Yet faith assures there still is more!

. . . . .

"'Tis but a dream," the worldling saith,
"Or swift precursor of thy death!"
Nay, for 'tis *life*,—GOD'S life in me,—
Though an unfathomed mystery!

"What dost thou see?" he then enquires;
"What glory thus thy spirit fires?"
My lost and helpless state, at *first:*
Then sin forgiven, its fetters burst:

A grand Deliverer, who, to save,
Despoiled of victory the grave;
His sting from death for ever took,
And all the powers of darkness shook!

Enrobed in splendour, now He reigns,—
Death, Hell, and Satan bound in chains!
And all who trust His gracious word
He bids to rise as He, their Lord!

Now, seated on His radiant Throne,
Heaven's mingled hosts His sceptre own:
But, chief amid the unnumbered throng,
The *saints* upraise their thrilling song!

. . . . .

But who the Sovereign may portray,
Who thus o'er myriad hearts hath sway?
Or yonder "Palace of the King,"
Whose walls with ceaseless anthems ring?

Here knowledge fails, and loftiest thought!
Those pillars, domes, and arches, wrought—
Ethereal beauty—by what skill?
By hands? Alone by Sovereign will?

'Tis vainly sought! Transcending mind,
Its height of glory none can find:
From age to age, for evermore,
Still further heights shall love explore!

A "far exceeding glory" is
The "weight" of Heaven's eternal bliss:
"A House not made with hands,"—a Home:
But who those glorious heights shall roam?

The pure in heart, who *now* see God,—
'Tis they alone, through Jesus' blood,
Enter this Palace of the King,—
His glad, triumphal anthems sing!

"All glorious," for that glory meet,
"Accepted, perfected, complete,"
In Christ's own righteousness arrayed,
Shall they see God,—yet undismayed!

. . . . .

Thus every saint, in days gone by,
Entered those beauteous realms on high:
And thus, while Time its course prolongs,
Shall enter *all* the blood-washed throngs.

Behold those *now* before the Throne,
Enrobed in glory not their own:
What tongue their happiness can tell,
Who once were "heirs" of death and hell?

The vision of their high estate
Fills me with joy as thus I wait:
I long to sing their gladsome strains,
Ranging with them the heavenly plains!

. . . . . .

But *nearer* visions quicken me
To solemn, glowing ecstasy:
From all the world a vast array
Are gathering to those realms to-day:

In vestures wrought with gold they come,—
Nor are their hearts or voices dumb:
Sweet melodies are wafted high,—
The light of heaven fills every eye!

A joyous band, leal-hearted, they—
Foretasting heaven while on the way,—
Faith's standard bear with steadfast hand,
Glad to fulfil their Lord's command:

United to that Lord, His strength
Shall make them conquerors at length,
They know this well, and therefore rest
In power so great, in love so blest!

Oh, happy folk! Beneath His care
No wiles of Satan can ensnare!
From day to day He leads you on
To wear a bright, triumphal crown!

Sing high! for ye have need to sing!
Perennial joys for you now spring:
The *Father's* care,—the *Saviour's* love,—
The brooding of the Sacred *Dove!*

O threefold pledge for "all the days,"
That heart and lips be filled with praise!
Sing, marching on, ye blood-washed host,
Your souls by heavenly love engrossed.

Mine eye of faith marks how you flock,
Resting beneath your sheltering "Rock,"
From every land, unstained by sin,
The Palace-Gate to enter in!

As Bride betrothed, through midnight hours,
The Church draws near the heavenly bowers:
A glorious train escorts her way,
Whose well-trimmed lamps turn night to day!

The hours roll on, the end draws near,
The festal halls in sight appear:
The wedding feast, e'en now, is spread,—
And Time's long night will soon be fled!

Awake! awake! ye slumbering ones!
The warning note with swiftness runs,—
The nations, by their signs, declare
"The Bridegroom comes,—His way prepare!"

Ye faithful souls, whose glistening eyes
Await with joy the parting skies,
The Bridegroom comes,—*your* Bridegroom—*mine;*
Enrobed in majesty Divine!

Throw wide your gates, ye heavenly courts!
High gladness now the Bride transports!
Peal forth your welcome, strike your lyres,
"The Bridegroom comes," ye angel choirs!

He comes to bear on high His Bride,—
Her throne for ever at His side:
The "chariots" haste with joyous wing,—
The heavens with Hallelujahs ring!

. . . . .

Such visions throng, in bright array,
To faith more bright and sure each day:
They cheer my toil,—but warning give
To trim my lamp and watchful live.

Oh, blessèd they who thus are found
At the archangel's trumpet-sound;
Ready with joy to enter in,
And love's eternal feast begin!

. . . . .

But on that day, that day of days,—
Ah! *some* will feel a dread amaze!
Aroused, they haste to enter,—but
The King hath passed,—the door is shut!

Oh! fruitless all their bitter cries:
"I know you not," the King replies!
In darkness, utter, dire, complete,
They wail their foolish, sad conceit!

The echoes of the strains within
Of gladness they have failed to win,
Oppress their slothful souls the more:
Their cup of mourning runneth o'er!

Ten thousand times, in vain regret,
They beat their breasts;—confiding yet
In some fond hope, some lingering thought,
"Perchance His love may *still* be sought!"

But, ah! *the door is shut!* and none
Can entrance give,—excepting *One:*
And *He* has given assurance clear
That mercy must be sought for *here!*

Oh, then, while yet 'tis called to-day,
Ye sleeping souls, no more delay!
Awake, press on, lamp trimmed and bright,
For, think: "SHUT OUT" is ENDLESS NIGHT!

And ye who *now* in darkness lie,
Whose souls for mercy never cry;
Ah! soon your day of grace will pass,
And *then* the heaven will be as brass!

"*Now!* NOW!" He calls, who died to save
From terrors fiercer than the grave:
Spurn *now* His love, and you may hear
"*Depart!*" engulf your soul in fear!

Oh, come, just now, and prove His love!
Its sweetness can the hardest move:
Believe it *now*, and henceforth give
Your hearts to Him, for Him to live.

. . . . .

Blest visions of these coming ones,—
Of God's great host of gathered sons:
Of millions gathering still to-day,—
Clothed in their gold and white array!

Believing *all* the Word hath said,
Widely is faith's horizon spread:
The "things not seen" are visible,—
"*All* things to faith are possible!"

Such triumphs, Lord, Thy sons await,
As, lowly resting, they relate
Thy wonders of the ages past,—
Thy love so true, so deep, so vast!

Oh, bid them *trust* that love still more!
Bid them its wide extent explore!
Then shall they *all* Thy wonders see,—
Their lives endued with power from Thee!

Reveal Thyself, O gracious Lord!
Shine forth, according to Thy Word!
Let every heart with gladness ring,
And every tongue Thy praises sing!

Swift, then, our life's brief day will speed;
The *signs* we, joyously, shall read,
Foretokening that the Lord is nigh,—
All eager for the warning cry!

"Come quickly, Lord," nor longer stay:
Begin the bright, eternal Day!
Proclaim the hour,—the heavens divide,—
Descend to meet Thy waiting Bride!

Then shall our earthly visions merge,
As streams of heavenly glory surge
Upon our glad, enraptured eyes,
In sights more grand than ruby skies!

And then the gathered hosts shall come,—
Shall enter in their Palace-Home;
In songs their swelling joy record,
And be "for ever with the Lord!"

Oh, be it *mine* their bliss to share;
Let grace each day my heart prepare!
More vivid be my inward light,—
Till *faith* be changed to endless *sight!*

THE ECHO.

THE SAVIOUR.—"Yea, I come quickly"—(Ναὶ ἔρχομαι ταχύ).

ST JOHN.—"Yea, come, Lord Jesus"—(Ναὶ ἔρχου, Κύριε Ἰησοῦ).—REV. xxii. 20.

THE sunset gilds the Isle of Patmos;
Night's chilling silence, ghostly, creeps around:
Lonely and drear, the hills are startled,—
Anon with voice of lingering bird resound.
But o'er the heart of yonder exile
Falls yet a deeper silence, as the Voice
Of hallowed intercourse, unearthly,
Ceases! Still doth that exile's heart rejoice,
And, in its inmost chamber, echo
The parting word that now the stillness breaks:—
"*Yea, I come quickly*"—(sweet assurance!)
Swift then the exile's glad response awakes,—
"*Yea*, COME, *Lord Jesus!*"

That exile's heart is thrilled by memories
Of distant years, when by the Saviour loved,
As none beside were loved, reclining
Upon His Breast,—his tender spirit moved
By perfect human love magnetic:
Those intimate conversings by the way;
The Mount on which he saw His glory;
The miracles; the teaching of each day;
The Paschal Supper,—then the Garden;
The condemnation; blood-stained Calvary;
The touching charge, "Behold thy mother:"—
Evoke the cry in deeper ecstasy,—
"*Yea*, COME, *Lord Jesus!*"

And then the toils, the poignant suffering,
  Till fivescore years their weary tale have told,
Of faithful service crowned with exile!
  Mourning the Church which he would still uphold,
Behold the hour of revelation!
  Her history until the end of time
Is sketched in mystic outline, lurid:
  Celestial dramas, wrought in force sublime,
Visions of "far exceeding glory,"
  Her solemn final victory and rest,—
Excite unutterable longings,
  In words that leave their depth still unexpressed,—
"*Yea*, COME, *Lord Jesus!*"

And shall *our* hearts be dumb, *our* voices
  Silent? The ages, swift-revolving, bring
Nearer each day the consummation!
  "Yea, I come quickly," should its echo ring,
As fervently in *us*,—as keenly,—
  As in the lonely exile's heart, and *more*,—
For Day hath dawned, and signs are many
  That soon the end will come! The wide world o'er
The truth progresses fast; though error,
  Bold in a deadly conflict, strives amain!
Then, Lord, our hearts' Desire, their Sovereign,
  Come, even *now!* Take Thy great power and reign!
"*Yea*, COME, *Lord Jesus!*"

The End.

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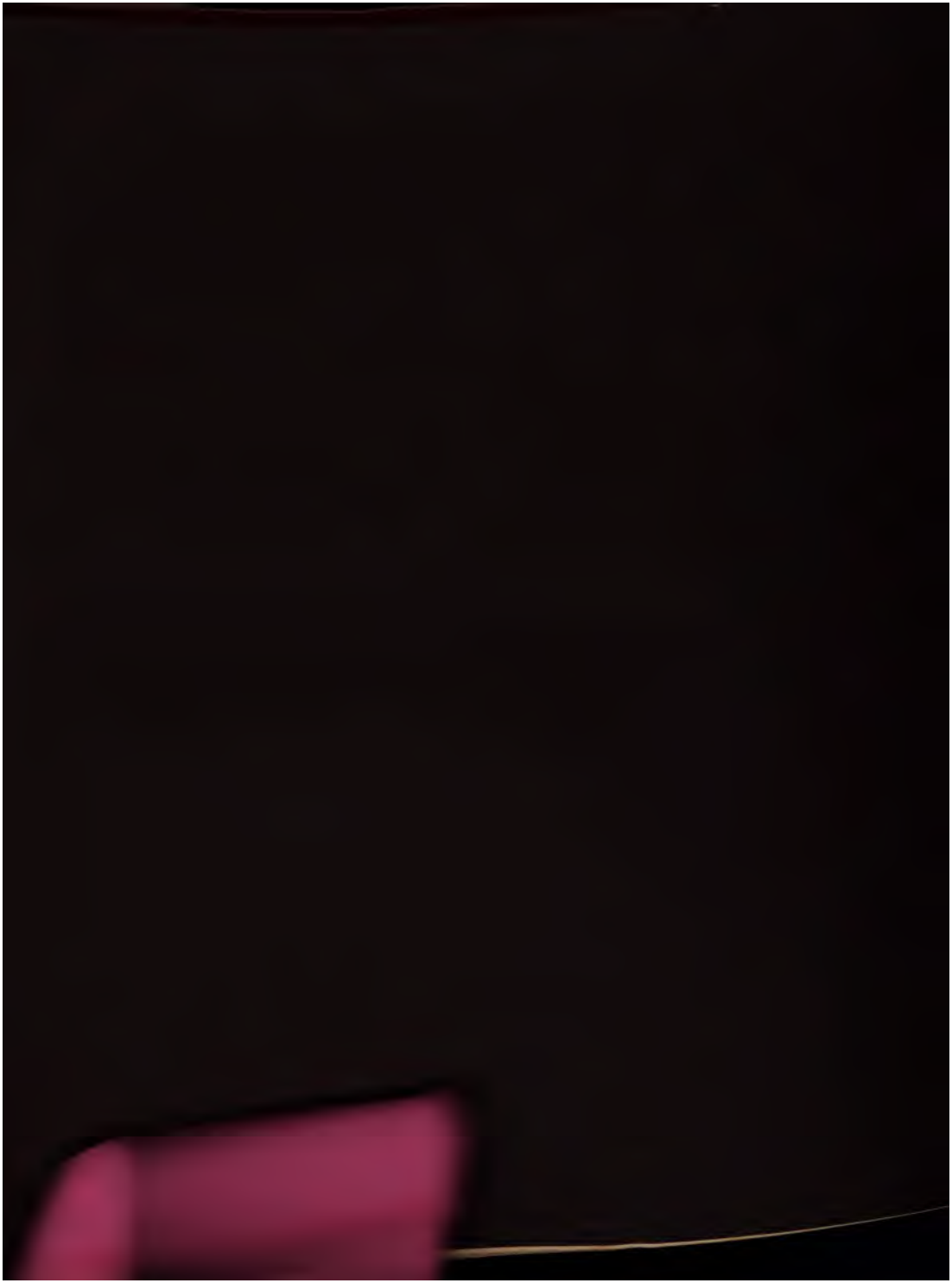
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